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OLD AND NEW.

Long have the poets vaunted, in their lays,
 Old times, old loves, old friendship, and old wine.
Why should the old monopolize all praise?
 Then let the new claim mine.

Give me strong new friends, when the old prove weak,
 Or fail me in my darkest hour of need;
Why perish with the ship that springs a leak,
 Or lean upon a reed?

Give me new love, warm, palpitating, sweet,
 When all the grace and beauty leaves the old;
When like a rose it withers at my feet,
 Or like a hearth grows cold.

Give me new times, bright with a prosperous cheer,
 In place of old, tear-blotted, burdened days;
I hold a sunlit present far more dear,
 And worthy of my praise.

When the old creeds are thread-bare and worn through,
 And all too narrow for the broadening soul,
Give me the fine. firm texture of the new,
 Fair, beautiful and whole.

ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

SHAKSPERE IS THE ONLY REAL BIOGRAPHER OF SHAKSPERE

THIS sounds like an examination question and popular opinion is against 'Shakspere' as a subject for popular articles. The modern thirst for cheap amusement and light reading has become so overwhelming as almost to kill the desire for studying the great

dramatists, poets, painters and sculptors. Still, I can only hope that such an article may be of some little interest to at least a few.

Biography, to my mind, must embody two factors: a life-story and a character-sketch. The former is only of secondary importance.

All over the world, men and women, aspiring to fame as critics in literature, have chosen Shakspere as their subject. They have pounced upon him like so many birds of prey and have succeeded in dissecting his life with remarkable patience and skill. They have chosen to quarrel over small details and have gone so far as to deny to the man called Shakspere the authorship of his own works. But it would appear that such critical works, beyond being excellent compendiums of facts and figures, possess little literary merit. We ask ourselves if such attempts at biography, where the biographer forgets that he is dealing with a poet or a dramatist in his eagerness to solve historical or geographical enigmas, are really worthy of being read by the discerning. After all, biography should primarily be directed towards a proper understanding of the inner man, of the range of vision of the poet or dramatist, of his power to give us a true picture of contemporary life, of his claims in short to rank among the 'Immortals' in literature. It is here that many of the so-called biographers of Shakspere have failed to tell us anything of real value about him. Let us now seek for knowledge about Shakspere from his own works.

Shakspere is too great to be taken lightly. We have to read him with patience and care and sympathy really to understand him and appreciate the intricacy and subtlety of his technique, the humanness of his characters, the range of his vision and the way in which he arranges all his material to achieve a perfect whole

The first thing that strikes us on reading Shakspere's works is his remarkable insight into human nature His characters may be kings or courtiers, slaves or sailors, courtesans or grave-diggers, fairies or ghosts. They are all painted with the sure touch of the master, in perfect outline and exquisite colouring and always with startling realism.

"He drew the man and described the day, and what is done in it; he read the hearts of men and women, their probity, and their second thought, and wiles; the wiles of innocence, and the transitions by which virtue and vice slide into their contraries: he could divide the mother's part from the father's part in the face of the child, or draw the fine demarcations of freedom and of fate: he knew the laws of repression which make the police of nature: and all the sweets and all the terrors of human lot lay in his mind as truly but as softly as the landscape lies on the eye" Shakspere towers like a Colossus over his contemporaries, and the might of his dramatic and poetic power renders him peerless in his own sphere

He could tell us of nature; for he knew that all things were created for a Divine purpose:

"The heavens and the earth a d all that is between them, think ye we have created them in jest?"

He could talk of love:

Juliet. "By whose direction found'st thou out this place?
Romeo. "By love, who first did prompt me to inquire;
He lent me counsel and I lent him eyes.
I am no pilot; yet, wert thou as far
As that vast shore wash'd with the farthest sea,.
I would adventure for such merchandise."

He could smile: and, so, has given us that wonderful character, Falstaff. Falstaff, that "mountain of mirth," the bosom friend of Prince Henry and the leader of the wild frolics of the town, waits in high expectation for his Hal, now King, and greets him thus: "God save thy grace, King Hal! my royal Hal!" and the King, turning upon his one-time friend of the old, wild, irresponsible days, rebukes him thus: "I know thee not, old man, fall to thy prayers; how ill white hairs become a fool and a jester!" We feel very sorry for the stricken old man as he creeps away—eventually to seek for solace from his faithful Dame Quickly and his sack. In this way, Shakspere combines tragedy with comedy and seldom does he fail to come to our relief even when we are sunk in the depths of the deepest pathos. Besides this, friendship, love of child for parent and every kindly human feeling is there to soften for us the great tragedies of Hamlet, Othello, Macbeth and King Lear. Shakspere can be gross, for nothing in human nature escapes him, So, he gives us Caliban. But he has also given us Ariel:

"Where the bee sucks, there suck I:
In a cowslip's bell I lie;
There I couch when owls do cry.
... ...
Merrily, merrily shall I live now
Under the blossoms that hang on the bough."

If we read his plays with sympathy and understanding, we grow to love this Shakspere, this mighty poet, dramatist and genial philosopher. Yes, "Shakspere is the only real biographer of Shakspere; and even he can tell nothing, except to the Shakspere in us".

W. R. S. S.

LETTERS.

NOTE.—When human justice is at stake in any nation or civilization, individual loyalties and co-operation in a creative sense

must be stimulated. A form of literature must be inspired to this end, in order that social action toward the human being as centre and end of all gravity will occur. That is the object of this essay—primarily toward the necessity of a new way of thinking, forming contact, and mentally co-operating.—N. B

THERE is a kind of communication that belongs to you and me, to every woman and man And it is a kind of literature that might be better understood as a medium, through which individuals can immortalize and identify their spirit with the evolutionary struggle of every other woman and man, as well as in direct co-operative effort with each other. That of which I speak is Letter-writing.

It has ever been a human weakness to permit arts of craftmanship and inter-human relationships to fall into the control of the delegated or self-appointed few. We permit others to educate us, to think for us, speak for and govern us; as in accord with motives that do not spring from within our needs; and then we deplore the fact that we are not masters of our fate.

History presumably has had that function of giving us a better understanding of the eternal struggle of humanity, as visioned by some interpreter, and very often not written in defence of Woman and Man, but of those collective social powers that exploit them. It is defined as a record of facts which have become known to the writer from his personal experience and observation, and facts communicated by witnesses. At present it has come to include political events, movements which belong to religion, law, literature, and economics.

Where, and in how many books do you find Woman and Man speaking for themselves out of the pages of the past and present? What we do find there is always some secondary voice speaking for some glorified master or imaginary character.

What is badly needed is a growth of spiritual determination in each Woman and Man cooperatively to determine their own fate, and a growth of epistolary expresssion in which each extend their powers dedicated to immortalizing individuality and perfecting it.

Mature and actively-creative minds have found biography most human, instructive, and exemplifying, because it is real in a human sense and identifies one with another whose inclinations and trials have often been the same as our own. Yet the biographer is greatly dependent upon private letters to authenticate the inner spirit of his subject, and of the times in which he or she has lived. But, there is little practical value in secondary literature usually inspired for lucre, unless it springs out of the very personal and creative hopes and aspirations of the courageous soul of

the individual Woman and Man, unless it is directly in line with the normal growth of you and me and every one else, in those very necessary demands and needs of the individual's daily life.

How does it happen that we may be so near to each other, yet so distant? Of what benefit is the giving of our energies to a civilization governed by the few, if in so doing we become more distant and distrustful of each other? How can you know that your newspaper or magazine gives you a just and uncolored representation of people in other communities and countries, unless you take the trouble to verify their interpretations by personal communication and contact?

Bear in mind however that Letters have a very human practical and immediate need to fulfil, concerning the recipient as well as yourself; and, should they be so fortunate to find their way also into the hearts of those of the future, their readers will be concerned, not with the fact that you have thrust your egotism, troubles, or selfish interests upon another, or manufactured effects, or amassed pretty or tragic sentiments upon paper; but with evidence that your own soul has synthesized with that of another and created between two human beings some worthy human objective, and long-desired human aspiration. The chief concern of Letters *is* that they serve this end.

A poet and playwright writes, "If you receive a letter from a stranger whose very existence was unknown to you, are you quite sure that a stranger has written you? As you read, can you not understand that this soul that may have been dreaming of yours had certitudes akin to your own?" Exactly. And how do you know that those, whom you meet daily in ordinary practical affairs, or in passing, are not thinking of you in the abstract and of the same aspirations as yourself?

Somewhere, there is another who aspires to the same creative effort as yourself, whose effort may greatly reinforce and encourage your own. We may reach the inner core of that person often very soundly in Letters. For immediately there comes before us in studied concentration a panorama of all that is the soul of the writer, if the Letters are true, frank, and sincere. Eccentricities creep in, and depths, that might never be exposed or noticed in our superficial and casual social life of idle pretence. Of course, Letters are at best but secondary inter-human connections to personal contact, and may be a preliminary basis to sound close personal affinity, and they may lack that personal art of self-expression assisted by the eyes, hands, and general posture that can emphasize or tone down certain worded expressions; yet they can be a very direct and private way of linking our innermost selves with others as worthy.

In this light, Letters are of utmost value to those in remote communities, internationally, and to all mental creators of potential humanizing influence, as mediums in which to project and immortally engrave the spirit and struggling thought of every Woman and Man.

NAPOLEON BERNARD.

INDIAN ASPIRATIONS AND THE SOCIAL FACTOR.

A PLEA FOR GREATER CONTACT BETWEEN EUROPEANS AND INDIANS.

BY AN ENGLISHMAN

ONE of the happier factors in a period when British institutions and British products are being boycotted for political ends is the realisation that Indian people are not ready to boycott their British friends. Exceptions there may be, but the fair-minded must realise and acknowledge that there is no widespread attempt on the part of educated Indian people to cut those social links, which are to-day more than ever vitally necessary to prevent the blight of suspicion and mistrust settling over the growth of India's political future and her relationship with Great Britain.

It is just this element of suspicion which has led to so much misery and economic loss. At times, during the present struggle, one is reminded very forcibly of that magnificent piece of anti-war propaganda, a film called "The Enemy." In this story one sees into the trenches of several of the combatants in the Great War, with the result that Germans, French, British, Russians, Austrians, all seem to be spreading the same lying propaganda about the "brutalities" of the enemy, all are shouting "For God and Country," all sampling the hollowness of the glories of war. And political struggles, no less than war, are built upon the same spirit of suspicion and mistrust.

It may be worth while to examine this social factor in relation to the present political unrest. What has been often called the "splendid isolation" of the British official in India is at once a weakness and a strength. It is a strength when it leaves him free and unfettered to consider naught but efficiency and justice; but it is more of a weakness because it overlooks the human factor in favour of the machine. Yet we are not concerned here mainly with British officials, but with the unofficial masses in their daily comings and goings

First, I would point out that the natural conservatism of the Briton in India is often mistaken for snobbery. An Indian friend

Srimathi GUNABAI GADEKAR of Poona who presided over the All-India Women's Conference of Depressed Classes held at Nagpur in August.

Photo: Indian News Agency, Srirangam.

of mine was talking about a certain crossword puzzle which he was solving, to beguile the tedium of a railway journey from Bombay. "I noticed that the Colonel opposite me was also doing the same puzzle," he added. "Eventually I got mine out, but the Colonel was stuck for two letters and though he knew I was working out the same puzzle he was too proud to ask me for them!" Now why should a fellow-passenger call this pride? Why should he hasten to assume that racial questions enter into it,, and that the position would have been any different had he been an Englishman, Scot, or what not? Possibly, the Colonel desired the satisfaction of working out his own puzzle or leaving it unsolved Only those, who have travelled through the European Continent and England, can realise the unfortunate truth that only two British fellow passengers could journey in the same railway carriage from Scotland to England with only as much conversation as may be necessary for a "Good Morning", or "Do you mind the window being down," etc. Other minds besides the Oriental have failed to realise that such silence is not rudeness, but a national trait.

But one must admit the unfortunate fact that this conservatism is not entirely responsible for the lack of contact out here between Indians and Europeans of the same status. There are Europeans who can never adjust themselves to changing times, who might still be living in the days of "John Company" and cannot shed the atmosphere of those times, who talk foolishly about their "prestige" and give not a thought to Indian prestige, These are the parochially-minded people, who unfortunately seldom, if ever, come into social contact with cultured Indian people, who live in the country most of their lives and learn nothing of its languges beyond a smattering of kitchen vernacular; indeed, probably their whole outlook on the Indian mind is formed by their contact with their own servants or with the shopkeepers they meet on their bazaar excursions. These are the people who encourage those petty caste divisions between Europeans themselves, and if Indian people could gain their company they certainly would not care much for it. But, to reason that because we are gregarious we should not create castes is to ignore human nature. If a station be large enough, life is bound to run in circles. Civil servants find it slightly easier to mix with one anothe than with army folk, who again refer to business people somewhat contemptuously as "boxwallahs." Even in the service itself, the infantry is known to complain of the superio airs of those who cultivate 'cavalry swagger'', while both theser divisions complain that the"Air Force keeps to itself too much!"Such little divisions will always exist, and they exist probably more clearly among Indian people themselves. But this is not the crux of the problem.

This question needs to be faced squarely and discussed frankly. In the past, India has been much to blame for fostering those

"superior airs" by white races, about which one hears murmurs. When the writer arrived in India as a young man, eager to study and understand its peoples, he noticed all sorts of customs which struck his Western democratised mind as passing strange. In a small and very pleasant station of the U. P., a mounted villager would dismount, lead his horse by him, and then remount! People even used to put down their umbrellas, when passing! He was addressed, not politely, but cravenly, as "Your Honour," "Maharaj", and equally unwelcome flattering titles quite unknown in the West, but too well-known out here. If he went to buy a railway ticket, the babu showed a curious inclination to attend to him first, out of his turn, and could not understand why he should wish to be attended to in the proper order of arrival! Young Britishers now-a-days are essentially democratic: they never ask for such flattering attentions and they do not want them But when these servile attentions are thrust upon them year after year, wherever they move, is it any wonder they come to accept them?

Sometime ago a newspaper correspondent in a very interesting "letter to the Editor" described a source of irritation among Indian customers at the G. P. O. He said that, when a European arrived to buy a stamp, the babu showed a desire to attend to him first, and this annoyed the Indian customers. Exactly, and it probably annoys many a European also And the blame must be put on the Indian babu—or on the habit people have out here of failing to queue up properly, all scrambling to be first. Incidently, the writer may add that, since he discovered it takes as long to buy a stamp at a big General Post Office as it would to buy a house at a businesslike solicitor's office, he has always avoided buying stamps in such places. Those who know Great Britain realise that its inhabitants are thoroughly used to queuing up, to taking things in proper turn. And, if the reverse is the custom in India, the blame should not always be laid at the door of the democratic Briton.

[A discussion on this delicate but important subject would be incomplete without a reference to the vexed club question. But here one is not anxious to rush into print where angels would fear to tread! There are so many little cross currents that one may be confused in considering the main drift. With Indianisation of the services proceeding at a rightly increasing pace, everything possible should be done to encourage mixed clubs, sporting and social. The mutual love of sport of both Indian and European provides an admirable opportunity for a common meeting ground, and it is a thousand pities some misguided patriots have seen fit to drag a boycott of sport into the political arena The position of the purely European club in a small upcountry station is nowadays an untenable one, and most of these small clubs now provide a meeting ground where each race may learn to understand the other. In

large centres like Bombay and Calcutta, the position is not quite the same. Here, there are clubs which are cosmopolitan and otherwise, though whether the former fulfil their purpose as foreseen in the hopes of the founders is open to question. Even in Bombay's best mixed club, people complain that life runs in circles But, life always has and always will "run in circles," and it is up to Indian and European members to find common interests and get together more. Europeans will find a very real desire for friendship, the approach sometimes held back by an unnatural fear of rebuff and timidity ; while on the other side Indian members must not mistake for hostility a national characteristic of conservatism and insularity bred in an insular country.

"In London and Paris I can go to all the best clubs, but here I cannot join and you cannot take me as your guest," complained a young England-trained barrister to me at a dinner party. I could only reply that I should much like to take him, and that I did not make this club rule by which I, as a member, had to abide. But the fact remains that many young Indian people feel sorely on the point. I could sympathise with my friend's point of view, but a frank discussion resulted in his admitting he had not realised all the difficulties. Bombay is not Paris or London, and it is useless making such comparisons. The club to which he referred had already a huge membership, any large extension of which would be impossible. This does not explain, of course, why a member cannot take an Indian guest, and one can only say that, though there are a number of members, who would like to relax this rule, the vote of the majority decides these club questions. In a large cosmopolitan centre, it is probable there will always be racial clubs such as European, Japanese, Hindu, Parsi, and Islam Gymkhanas, etc., and there is no reason why they should not flourish side by side with mixed clubs.

But social, contact is not restricted, thank Heavan, to club-life. Where the will is there, the daily round and the common task provide plenty of opportunities for common meeting grounds between Europeans and Indians, and if these be pursued it will be to the great advantage of each at the present time. Such contact must lead to the realisation that there is a vast but unspoken volume of European opinion having the fullest sympathy with Indian national aspirations towards self-government. That these things are not discussed when the two races meet may be put down very often to a mutual fear of treading on each other's corns. Until they are discussed, candidly and sympathetically, distrust and suspicion with all the vile things that feed on these growths, must continue.

THE DANCING MOTES

I have never been able to take in with equanimity the assertions of astronomers that the light of the heavenly bodies is largely the reflected light of the sun. But this morning I have seen an amazing sight, which illuminates all I have read of those vastest objects of our vision as well as of the tiniest constituents of the atom.

I was lying in bed in a mountain cottage, when the rising sun shot three opal beams through a high window across the room. I raised my right hand to keep the brilliant glare from my eyes, and suddenly behold my fingers translucently glowing, suffused with a tint so heart-easing that no colour-name in our language will serve even to suggest it, for it was a blending of the rosy hue of dawn and the mystery of life.

But my eyes were soon drawn from this vision to another of the deepest wonder, to a world of whose existence I had all my life been unconscious, though familiar enough with such phrases as *motes in a beam, particles suspended in the air*,—phrases that dismiss a subject while telling so little about it.

In that opal stream, which was flowing into my chamber, a stream of light whose fountain-head was unattainably distant in time and space, swam an innumerable company of minute bodies illuminated fitfully with spectral flashes of light. In and out of the darkness of the rest of the room they came and went; and as they swam they were diving and soaring, pirouetting, dropping like meteors, dancing like happy children, gyrating, undulating, volplaning and performing evolutions, isolated and combined, with all the suggestion of conscious action on a most complicated plan.

Nearer to my eyes were larger bodies flashing like Sirius, and among them red ones with the onimous glow of Mars or Betelgueuse. But among and beyond them was a nebular host of yet smaller corpuscula, in a state of apparently choric ecstasy, a sun-dance such as is forever in progress, wherever through the universe the rays of a central luminary fall upon stellar atmosphere. There was no other movement in the room, no breath of air or stir of living being that could have caused that bewildering kaleidoscopic spectacle of iridescent motion without end.

It was the visible play of a moment's revelation of the Solar radiance, yet in that infinitesimal fraction of that infinitesimal share of the sun's energy which is all that reaches our earth, there lay, as it were, the ultimate secrets of life.

For a brief while, that was as an age in time measured by knowledge, I lay and listened to some part of myself propounding ceaseless questions, even as one does when under an anaesthetic.

TWO WOMEN PIONEERS OF SOUTH INDIA.

Mrs. APPIAH, first class Honorary Magistrate of Korakudi, is the first lady in Chettinad to attain the position.

Photos by the Indian News Agency, Srirangam

P. T. O.

Srimathi K. Ramasubbamma, nominated member of the Cuddapah Municipal Council, is said to be the only lady from the Reddi community, in any Municipal Council.

Quickly I passed in and out of a state of luminous trance, during which deep understanding was granted to me, and I saw in the minutest portions of the Creator's universe a meaning also,—one meaning out of countless ones,—of the vastest, remotest world of worlds the last ingenuity of the human brain has revealed.

E. E. SPEIGHT.

A SCHOLAR OF THE MIDDLE AGES.

One of the great names that ought to be inscribed on the first page of the Golden book of free thinkers is that of Peter Abelard, who was born in 1079 A. D. of a noble family in France. Although a knight, his father was a lover of knowledge and literature and was anxious that his son should share in his tastes. It gave him intense delight to find a ready response in the boy, for scarcely had young Abelard tasted literature, when all other pursuits became insipid and worthless to him. Abandoning all thought of earning military glory, which was the strongest of temptations to the young men of his days, Abelard gave his mind entirely to study and philosophy. He "wandered over provinces, seeking masters and adversaries, going from controversy to controversy, veritable knight-errant of philosophy."

About the year 1100, when he was twenty years of age, Abelard went to Paris and joined the episcopal school of the cloister of Notre Dame in which the celebrated William of Champeau was lecturer on Logic. He attended William's lectures only for a time; and then, separating from him, he attacked his doctrines and set himself up as an independent opponent. Soon, he changed himself from a pupil to a master. He opened a new school at Melun and then at Corbeil from whence he delivered assaults on the citadel of his master. The assaults grew more vigorous when he established himself six years later in Paris on the mount of Genevieve, "that hill destined to become the Sinai of university instruction" He thus became a rival of William and later, his vanquisher. So severe was the defeat he inflic ed on William that the latter left the cloister of Notre Dame and never recovered his reputation. Abelard now walked the schools of Paris without a rival, but raised a number of enemies around him by his haughtiness born of success.

Paris was at that time the most renowned place of education in Europe, and scholars from all parts, England, Germany and Italy, flocked thither to imbibe knowledge. They found in Abelard a teacher who had not been equalled since the days of Socrates and Plato. They were greatly attracted by his charming personality and daring intellect. He was not a pale pedant or an emaciated

bookworm, but a singularly handsome man with a scrupulous regard for dress. His knowledge was as profound as was compatible with the resources of his time, and his erudition so vast that his contemporaries thought he was a master of universal knowledge. The whole sum of human science, then known or cared for, was taught by him with vigour and originality. His discourses were embellished, not merely with skilful logic but with literary digressions, classical allusions and quotations from Horace and Virgil. "No idea can be given of the effect he produced in teaching Philosophy and never does any science seem to have had a more powerful propagandist." He recalled the success of the great philosophers of Greece. Around him was a multitude of human beings so great that in his own words, the inns were not sufficient to contain them nor the earth to feed them. "He was admired, followed, waylaid, obstructed by passionate adherents and by many who were not adherents. His success was complete; his rivals were silenced; he grew rich; his head was nearly turned." But he fell soon after from his glory and great was his fall.

There was another name which was at this time as famous throughout Europe as Abelard's. It was the name of a woman. Heloise was not beautiful, but her intellect and literary attainments commanded so much admiration that she was called the first of women. She was the niece of a canon of Paris named Fulbert. Abelard became her tutor and found in her the only woman then in the world who could fully value his powers of mind. But their relationship took an unfortunate turn. From master he changed into a passionate lover. He combined with his intellectual qualities certain gifts which made him an incomparable seducer of hearts and minds. He charmed Heloise and she fell at his feet. The world-famed scholar now spent his time in composing love songs in the common tongue!

Abelard and Heloise as lovers did not find favour in the sight of Canon Fulbert. He grew vexed and separated them. But they soon met again and contrived a method for Heloise's escape. One night when Fulbert was away from home, Abelard entered and carried off Heloise. He sent her to his sister's house in Brittany, where she gave birth to a son. Fulbert became almost mad with rage and would, but for fear, have taken revenge by attacking Abelard's person. Abelard, however, thought it prudent to appease Fulbert's wrath by acknowledging the enormity of his offence and expressing his willingness to atone for it. He offered to marry Heloise on condition that the marriage should be kept secret. Fulbert agreed and Abelard went to Brittany to fetch his lover. But Heloise would not agree to marriage. Wedlock, she held, would chain them, and they would cease to be two unfettered souls free in their love If they remained as mere lovers, they would meet rarely, and time and absence would only add to their happiness.

These arguments of Heloise failed to convince Abelard, who was determined in his purpose. Heloise yielded and returned to Paris. After a few days they entered into matrimony, with Fulbet and a few friends for witnesses.

Fulbert proved unworthy of the trust reposed in him. He divulged the secret which he promised Abelard to keep. Serious consequences followed. Heloise was removed by her husband to a convent where she had been educated. The removal angered her uncle who feared that Abelard was contriving to escape from the responsibilities of his marriage. Fulbert resorted to a cruel method of wreaking his vengeance upon Abelard by having his person disfigured in the utmost manner that could be devised by the imagination of a barbarian. This calamity crushed Abelard utterly. Friends and sympathisers there were to condole with him, but their condolences only intensified his agony of mind and body. But yesterday he was a glorious man; today he lay on his bed, mean and despised. In his sorrow he took refuge in the abbey of St. Denis, while Heloise took the veil in the convent to which she had been removed.

The monks of the abbey of St. Denis were dissolute and worldly-minded. Abelard spoke of their sins to their face and made himself odious to them in a short time. Greatly to their delight, he installed himself again as a master. Before long, he found himself surrounded by three thousand students. He called them, not to repentance and sacrifice, but to a scientific examination of the faith they held. He compiled a treatise on "Divine Trinity and Unity" and created a desire in the young men to find reasons, "human and philosophical", for their belief. But his enemies would not suffer him to go on. He was arraigned before a council at Soissons in 1121 and condemned as a heretic and was compelled to burn his treatise with his own hands. He was then handed over a prisoner to the Abbot of St. Medard. It was only in appearance that Abelard bowed to the decision of the council In reality, he persevered in his independent thought and personal faith, moving under the yoke imposed on him with fury like a wild rhinoceros which had been bound in chains.

Subsequently, Abelard wandered like a veritable Ulysses from convent to convent and built himself an oratory of reeds and stubble in a desert place at Troyes and called it the "Paraclete", the "Comforter." Even here he could not find himself undisturbed, for his students tracked him into the desert and flocked to him again. "Tents were set up, mud walls covered with moss rose to shelter the numerous disciples who slept on the grass and nourished themselves with rustic dishes and coarse bread." For three years from 1122 to 1125, his marvellous instruction was carried on without impediment But this new success only provoked new

attacks. At last he fled to a monastery situated on a promontory on the "bleak and savage" coasts of Brittany. There he assumed control over dissolute and unscrupulous monks, whose wickedness tormented him night and day. The monks kept women in the abbey and lived among their illegitimate children without feelings of shame. They even expected their chief to furnish them with the means for their self-indulgence. Abelard felt that he had fallen from a great misery to a greater one and lived his days in sadness.

In his exile, Abelard came to know that Heloise, who had risen to the dignity of prioress, had been driven from her convent and was wandering houseless. He hastened back to his old retreat, the Paraclete, and prevailed upon the ecclesiastical dignitaries to sanction the donation of the retreat to Heloise and to those of her nuns who had followed her in her wanderings. Returning to Brittany, he found his monastery a hot place to live in. His attempts to bring the refractory monks to a sense of duty and decency made them his enemies. They attempted to poison him; and in fear, Abelard escaped from the monastery He reappeared once more in Paris, the first scene of his fame, as zealous as ever, despite his fifty-seven years and was still followed by a large number of admirers.

Abelard had now to face a fierce adversary, the fiercest he had faced. His scholars developed his teachings in a manner that alarmed and roused the hatred of the faithful. In France, in Italy and in Germany, a bold spirit of enquiry was abroad and it was likely to grow mighty if the teachings of Abelard remained unchecked. "The stag does not fear the hound, the dove does not dread the falcon more intensely and instinctively, than the dogmatist fears and dreads the free philosophical inquirer " The foremost to perceive the danger was St. Bernard, the Abbot of Clairvaux. He arose and with vehemence issued fiery appeals to Pope, Cardinals, bishops and princes to unite and avert the danger. Abelard was quite prepared to meet his enemies. He would welcome any opportunity to meet the great Abbot of Clairvaux in combat. A council met at Sens in 1140 and Abelard was summoned to it Although grown old and tired, he displayed readiness to attend the council while Bernard hesitated, having no confidence in himself. But, when Bernard did appear at the importunity of his friends, he found the majority of the council on his side. Abelard found it hopeless to reason with the audience and left the council abruptly, appealing to Rome. His enemies published that he had been seized with a miraculous confusion in the presence of the holy Lord of Clairvaux. But it is more likely that Abelard's action was due to his feeling that the audience was unfit to appreciate his subtlety and eloquence, and that an appeal to Rome would give his cause some time.

Abelard's appeal to Rome remained unnoticed. He, therefore arose to go thither and press his claims personally to an equitable judgment. On his way, he stopped at the abbey of Cluny in Burgundy. The Abbot of Cluny was a man more of love, than of faith and reason, who devoted his leisure to the literary defence of the Christian religion, and his life to the practical exemplification of it. In Abelard he saw a suffering brother and not an erring heretic. He welcomed him with a guileless and sympathetic heart, and by his loving treatment converted him from an audacious scholar into a humble monk.

One day in the year 1142, the Abbess Heloise received a long letter from the kindly lord of Cluny, which concluded with a description of Abelard's last days and his death. "He appeared the least of all by the meanness of his attire... ..He was as sparing in his food, in his drink, in all that related to his body, as in his dress...He suffered not a moment to pass in which he did not either pray, read, write, or dictate......He, who for his knowledge was famed throughout the world in the discipleship of Him, who said 'Learn of Me, for I am meek and lowly in heart', persevered in meekness and humility, and as we may believe, passed to the Lord."

I. D. TANGASWAMI.

WOMEN AS FRIENDS.

I desire in this article to show that just as women are needed to be ideal sisters wives or mothers, so it is necessary that they should exert their benign influence and help, outside their own family circles, in being true comrades and friends, not only to women, but to men also. The intrinsic value of motherhood in every woman is a necessity to the whole world, not only in the home, but even outside. The quality of comradeship is far more required than exercised by women. That I require it of Indian women might shock a few, but the present participation of women in political movements gives me a great deal of encouragement to press forward this appeal. My primary impetus to write this was my own experience of the influence of women, outside my family circle, who have been "sisters" to me and comrades in intellectual and political thought and action. Our own history can cite some examples and I have knowledge of a few women who have so exerted their influence on others.

We want women as friends, true friends, functioning as sisters and mothers of men outside the family circles. Great men are impossible without great women. Behind all masculine greatness, there is always present some woman as part of the process. Though

charity begins at home it must not end there. And no man should restrict the beneficient activities of women to their own home circle. But thousands of women are starving to give of their best to the larger world. Oft-times, it is a woman who might well have been great on her own account, had she not preferred to submerge her own gifts and ambitions in those of her son, husband or brother. Into the mysterious crucible of genius, she has chosen to throw, as a most precious ingredient, her own heart's blood and too often her tears. She has been content to be the unseen oil that feeds the glittering flame and far too often this ministry of hers has been taken for granted by its beneficiaries, or has been acknowledged in some patronising foot-note in the biographies of the great.

Man has been ungrateful to woman. And yet I plead that she should give to the uttermost, than starve her soul, and decay through disuse The rich wine of the spiritual and mental capacities of Indian women have either been restricted or allowed to run waste on the desert sands of custom and tradition. We are coming to recognise that no man has ever been great, merely by his own strength. But alas, thousands have been deprived of the womanly influence of a sister, mother or wife. What I ask of the women, who are longing to give to all, is specially to do so to men who are such. The greatest brai would lie idle without woman to supply it with motive power, either by her beauty, or her goodness, or her own spiritual and intellectual influence. Creation even in the world of mind is a dual process. However solitary the thinker, his thought is not born of himself alone. The brain of man would seem to me to need the impregnation of feminine influence in some form or other, before it can give birth to its dream children.

What men require is that human thing, which is the basis and the foundation of inspiration and influence, and that is a generously-exerted sympathy and comradeship and inexhaustible treasure of succour and self-sacrifice—as history over and over again illustrates. It is to these angels that nature has given charge concerning those strange children, its men of genius; be they soldiers, statesmen, posts, artists or even saints. We read in the New Testment of how women were ministering angels to Jesus himself The value of St. Clare in the life of that great saint Francis of Assissi is summed up by Paul Sabatier in his biography thus;—"She defended Francis not only against others but against himself. In those hours of dark discouragement, which so often and so profoundly disturb the noblest souls and sterilise the grandest efforts, she was beside him to show the way. When he doubted his mission and thought of fleeing to the heights of repose and solitary prayer, it was she who showed him the ripening harvest with no, reapers to gather in; men going astray with no shephered to herd

The Madras Lady Graduates of the year
Photo by the Photo News Agency, Madras.

them, and drew him once again into the train of the Galilean, into the number of those who give their lives as a ransom for many."

Women are needed to give encouragement, 'not only to the weak but even to the great. All great men in their adolescent stage stand in need, as a vital condition of their development, of a deal of nutritive worship. Men grow great—at the beginning at all events,—by being told that they are great. A certain egoism is inseparable from greatness. Nothing is done without a belief in one's self; and in the early stages of greatness before a confirming audience has been won, self-belief has often to fight hard for its existence against despondency and discouragement.

Therefore, priceless is that friendship to man at a certain period of his career, that is given by a devoted being who believes in him, the divining love prophetic in its admiration of future fame, ever ready with inspiring praise. Let me quote a beautiful poem on this theme.—

"Thus is man created, to do all his work for some women,
Do it for her, and her only to lay at her feet;
Yet in his talk to pretend shyly and fiercely maintain it,
That all is for love of the work, toil just for love of the toil.
Yet was there never a battle, but side by side with the soldiers,
Stern like a serried corn fluttered the souls of women,
As in and out through the corn go the blue-eyed shapes of the flowers;
Yet there was never a strength but a woman's softness upheld it;
Never a Thebes of our dreams, but it rose to the music of women;
Iron and stone it might stand, but the women had breathed on the building;
Yea, no man shall make or unmake, if some woman has made him a man".

Behind the monuments of masculine genius, whatever their nature, there is always to be seen hovering like a spiritual presence the soul of some woman. Always behind the achievemeent, there are the love and the enthusiasm of some unselfish woman, making the purpose and ambition of "her man", her only object in life, dreaming, planning, cheering, praising, ever on the watch to keep him up to his best endeavour, the jealous guardian of his streugth and peace, his muse, his mother, his wife, his sister, his nurse, his incredibly good friend. Thus a woman writes to a man, "To you whom God has given me to nourish and influence, if my love is selfish, you will never be great. Part of you belongs to the world. I must remember this and assist its blossoming, if I would taste of its ripe fruit That will prove a rich reward!" How touching is this divine proprietorship!

"A MERE MAN."

SANTHANA GOPALAM.

CHAPTER I.

MAHA VISHNU, to relieve the earth of some of its burden, was born on earth and reigned as Sri Krishna in Dwaraka, with Rukmani and Satyabhama as his wives His reign was a time of prosperity; the Rakshasas had been destroyed; the earth bore fruit abundantly, and happiness increased; there was no fear of thieves throughout the country, as there was no poverty anywhere; jealousy and greediness entirely disappeared and the God, Chitragupta, found no occasion to note down the evil deeds of the people of Dwaraka.

In those days, people believed that the king was responsible for all the happiness of his subjects Whether misfortunes were man-made or God-sent, everybody went to the king to complain. Du ing the regime of Sri Krishna, most of the petitions were for redress of grievances which were beyond the control of human beings. One day, Arjuna, Sri Krishna's friend, came to pay him a visit. While they were talking together, a Brahmin, with tears in his eyes, came to the court It was the habit of the king to be always available to his subjects in person. The Brahmin came into the presence of Sri Krishna, beating his breast and condemning the king's reign. Sri Krishna stood up from his throne; and, after washing the Brahmin's feet and giving him water to drink, made him sit by his side and offered the customary *Puja* Unable any longer to restrain his sorrow, the Brahmin began to speak vehemently: "Oh Krishna, why is your rule so evil? How many times have I brought my complaint to you? But how can you, who live happily with wives, children and grand-children, remember my grievances? What do you care about our difficulties? Not one or two, but all my nine children have died. Don't you know that it is on account of a bad king that children die? But alas! you are not to be entirely blamed; everybody knows your character. In your boyhood, did you not steal milk and butter? But, will you at least try to save my next child?"

Saying this, he placed the dead body of his last child at the feet of Sri Krishna. But, Sri Krishna kept silent. He had always maintained that silence to the Brahmin's entreaties, when he had brought his other dead children to him. The exasperated suppliant cried: "Oh Krishna, why do you keep silent? The deaths of my children are due to no fault of mine, for I have always strictly fulfilled the duties of a Brahmin; I have worshipped God faithfully, fed the poor, given freely in charity and protected cows. Therefore, it is owing to some defect in your adminstration that the untimely deaths of my children have occurred. I entreat you to stop this evil. Who can remain unmoved, when looking at this

dead body? You are not worthy of your name 'Karunakara' (one who shows kindness). Is it my ill fate, or your hard heart, that keeps you unmoved, though I fall at your feet and cry for help? You are neither a friend of the afflicted, n r a refuge in distress." And still, the Lord Krishna kept silent.

When the people in the *durbar* heard the harsh words of the Brahmin they began to murmur among themselves. Balarama, Sri Krishna's brother, muttered to himself, and looked at his weapon, at Sri Krishna's face and at the weeping Brahmin. Then he be-thought himself thus: "Krishna must have found a solution for this, as otherwise, he would not keep silent over the grief of the Branmin" Pradyumna and others spoke thus among themselves: "This is all due to the *karma* of this Brahmin. One must reap as one sows. What is the use of blaming our king? Because he is a *Brahmin*, can this man say anything he chooses about our lord? But Sri Krishna does not seem in the least angry at his harsh words, and therefore it is very likely that he has found a remedy for the evil Did he not take away the poverty of Kuchela, without saying anything about it? In the same way, the dead children of this Brahmin will probably be found alive when he reaches his house. Nothing is impossible to him, who lifted the Govardhana mountain, and used it as an unbrella."

Arjuna, however, seeing his friend's indifference at the Brahmin's grief, lost all patience.

"When a Brahmin makes his complaint, it is not proper to keep quiet. If such a complaint had been brought to my brother, would he have been silent? No, he would have certainly ordered me or my brother, Bhimasena, to redress the wrong. I am a Kshatriya and I am he who destroyed the Kauravas; I am the brother of the charitable Yudhishtira, and it is my duty to redress the grievances of this Brahmin." Thus thought Arjuna. The all-pervading Lord, Sri Krishna, did not fail to understand the thoughts passing through the mind of Arjuna; but still he maintained silence.

CHAPTER II.

The Brahmin looked all round for support, but, though he saw many who sympathised with him, he could find nobody who was willing to redress his grievances. Who indeed would take the initiative in a matter where the Lord himself kept silent? The Brahmin, taking his child's dead body with him, started to go back to his home, bewailing his fate. Then Arjuna looked at him and said, "I shall protect the child that will be born to you. If I am not able o do it, I shall jump into the fire and destroy my own body." Sri Krishna merely looked at Arjuna with a smile, but said nothing.

The Brahmin scoffed at him, and said, that he did not believe he could ever do a thing, which Balabadra and others dared not undertake. Arjuna replied, "Poor Brahmin! perhaps you do not know me, and have not heard of the valour of one who even fought with Siva for the *Pasupata* weapon. Oh Brahmin, I am he who destroyed all the Kauravas in the battlefield; I have the courage and the power to keep my oath as my deeds will show. I shall even tackle the God Yama to protect your child."

The Brahmin then danced with joy Surely the valiant warrior, who was the bosom friend of Lord Krishna himself, would fulfil his promise. He blessed Arjuna and returned home Arjuna bowed to Sri Krishna and after getting his blessing started for Indraprastha.

When the Brahmin reached home, he found his wife rolling on the floor with grief, with dishevelled hair, and crying repeatedly that she was the greatest sinner in the world. But her husband was able to console her by praising the valour of Arjuna and repeating his promise. However, she soon became despondent again, when she found that another child was to be born to her. Both she and her husband did everything in their power to propitiate God. When the time of birth was near, the Brahmin went to Indraprastha to warn Arjuna; and, as soon as the latter heard him, he ascended his chariot and reached the Brahmin's house. He planned to destroy the agency that caused the death of the Brahmin's children. But, surely none can control the powers of creation and death. Still, did not the prayer of Markandeya bring him immortality? With God's grace, nothing is impossible in this world. Arjuna firmly believed that he would be helped by Sri Krishna. Arjuna knew that, if he discharged his divine arrows with their proper *mantras*, they would kill anybody. He was an able archer, and thought to build a fort of arrows round the confinement room to protect it. Uttering a prayer to the Gods, Sri Krishna and Siva, and remembering his preceptor Dronacharya, he took up his divine arrows and began his work. The power of such missiles must not be judged by the standard of ordinary weapons For each divine arrow there was an appropriate presiding deity; and it was only after repeating the proper *mantras* many times, that the arrows could be shot. Hence, their power did not lie so much in their quality and make, or in the skill of the archer as in the man's control over the presiding power. Arjuna had that ability and therefore his fort was soon built so compactly that not even the outside air could get in. And at the entrance stood the great warrior, ready with more arrows and his mighty *Gandiva* bow.

CHAPTER III.

In the meanwhile, the Brahmin was in a pitiable state of mind. On the one hand, he was much heartened by the vigilance of Arjuna; on the other he was consumed with anxiety. Again and again, he repeated the auspicious name of Krishna Again and again, he consulted the astrologers. But all his care was in vain. Suddenly he heard a loud cry from his wife, "Alas, alas, my child, have I again been cheated of you?"

"Where is the child? Let me at least see the dead body of the child", cried the poor father, and rushed into the room. But, strangely enough, even the baby's body was not to be seen there. Then the Brahmin wept aloud with a broken heart. He directed all his grief against Arjuna. Till then he had at least seen the dead bodies of his nine children, but now he was not allowed even that consolation. He felt that this new trouble was due to the presumption of Arjuna, and he began to abuse him; "I was a fool for believing your brave words. I might have known that barking dogs will seldom bite. Where is the courage, which you showed when Siva came disguised as a hunter? Where is the strength which enabled you to destroy the whole army of the Kauravas and earn the name of Vijaya? Why do you, who are a brave man, now stand aghast?

"The lizard thinks that it bears the roof of the house. Even so were you boasting about your empty valour All your success in the war was due to the fact that Sri Krishna drove your chariot."

Arjuna, however, made no reply, but betook himself to the country of Yama, the God of death, carrying his bow and arrows on his shoulders, just like Rudra the God of destruction. He had learnt the art of *Ambarayanam* or sky-travelling, when he had been invited by Indra to kill the demon *Kalakeya*. By that power, he reached *Yamaloka* in no time. He said to Yama, "Oh Dharmaraja, the child now born to the Brahmin has been taken away by your servants, after breaking my fort of arrows. I do not know whether they had your permission or not. But if they had, you might have remembered my brother Yudhishtira, who is your son."

Yama replied: "Oh Arjuna, neither I nor my servants have taken away the child of the Brahmin. It is not possible for me to break your fort of arrows, nor can I go against the wishes of Sri Krishna's devotee. If you do not believe me, you can search my who'e dominions."

Arjuna looked in vain for the child of the Brahmin throughout hell. He was not able to see it. Then he went to the kingdom of Indra, his father. But he could not find the child there. Then he

went to the eight regions of the elements and made a search, but in vain. Finally, he looked in the under-world ; but could not find the child even there. He returned to earth thoroughly disappointed. "My valour has been of no avail to me," he lamented. "My Lord, whom I always remember, has entirely forgotten me. He, who saved me by hiding the sun with his *Sudarsana* wheel on the battlefield, when I vowed that I would commit suicide if I was not able to kill my enemy before that evening, has forsaken me now. O Lord of kindness, friend of devotees ! He, for whom you acted as a charioteer, he whose wife's honour you saved once, he to whom for friendship's sake you gave your sister in marriage in spite of your brother's wrath, is ready now to jump into the fire to save his honour. Ocean of kindness ! I am ashamed to approach you and tell you that I failed to keep my promise. If you ask me why I did not tell this to you before, I have no reply to make. But, there is nothing in this world unknown to you. I shall not live with my head bowed down in shame. Somebody will surely inform the Lord that Arjuna, true to his word, jumped into the fire not being able to keep his promise to the Brahmin."

Then he began to prepare the fire. First, he dug a large pit, made a big bank all round it, and filled it with logs of wood. Then he set fire to the great pile. The flame rose thousands of feet high into the sky, as though to report his son's approaching death to Indra. It blazed without smoke and with a brilliant light, as if to make others understand that Arjuna, being free from all anxieties of this world, was shining now with the knowledge of Brahma. Arjuna stood very close to the burning fire, but it did not touch him. Thus, we can infer that the God Agni was not willing to burn the beautiful body of the fearless man, the final consummation of whose brave deeds was to be carried out so soon.

Then Arjuna went to a tank close by and took a bath to purify himself. Carrying some *Thulasi* leaves in his arms, he came back to the fire, not looking in the least like the great warrior who had fought from his chariot so valiantly in the battlefield before Bhishma and other mighty enemies.

"Who," asks the poet, "will not take pity on Arjuna when he sees him clad in pure white clothes, with his bow on his shoulders, with water dropping from his dishevelled hair, with tears of joy flowing from his long and beautiful eyes, and his shining teeth showing between parted lips, as he chanted the Krishna *Mantra* ?"

But his face was calm and cheerful, for he believed that the fire was only the key to the gates of heaven.

He bowed before the fire, which was blowing in a Southerly direction. Then, closing his eyes, and concentrating all his thought on the Lord, he prayed thus : "O Lord of the Universe ! your devo-

tee now jumps into the fire. I pray you receive me, after dispelling the *Ahankara* (self-conceitedness) from my mind."

When Arjuna prayed thus, there was a feeling of trouble in the mind of Sri Krishna. "Whose prayer makes me thus agitated?" he asked himself. By that time, Arjuna had completely forgotten the world He began to realise that eternal bliss, which made him feel "that there was no difference between the three Gods, the Vedas, his master, and himself."

Then the Lord Krishna suddenly awoke from his lethargy and cried, "Alas! Partha! my bosom friend! Do you jump into the fire and die?" He started at once for the spot where Arjuna was standing. He ran with lightning speed, his face bedewed with pespiration. His upper-cloth fell to the ground. The peacock feather in his crown was blown away. His lotus-like eyes saw from far his friend ready to jump into the fire. He cried aloud from a distance;

"Beloved, beloved, Vijaya, Friend, Partha, Dhananjaya, Phalguna, do not be foolish. I am here, your friend. Did I not act as your messenger when you were in need of one? Did I not encourage you with brave words when you fell down despondent in the chariot? Did I not help you on the battle-field and get you the fame of a great warrior? Why should you forget all these things? Are you not a man? Can I not help you to fulfil your promise?"

Thus cried Lord Krishna, while he approached Arjuna. But Arjuna did not hear him. He had lost all consciousness of self, and he leapt into the air to fall into the fire. From his body came a shining lustre. But the Lord pulled him back with both hands. Instead of falling into the fire, therefore, Arjuna fell into the hands of Krishna himself.

Arjuna stood up with a confused mind and wiping away his tears began to pray with broken words, "My only prayer to you, my Lord, is that you will kindly allow me to destroy this body of mine, which is a subject of censure to the world. I do not want to live; it is enough if you will confer your grace on me."

Sri Krishna replied, "Arjuna! do not feel grieved. Do you attempt to die because you hate to live in this world? If it is only for the fear of losing your fame, you need not jump into the fire. Have you forgotten all the philosophy which I preached to you on the battlefield? Are you afraid of your vow to the Brahmin? But, be calm. You wish to see only one child of the Brahmin. I shall show you his ten children."

But, Arjuna begged him not to make a fool of him. Sri Krishna replied; "Dear friend, I love and protect those who seek shelter from me. Do you not know that? As soon as you surrendered everything to me, I became your servant. You have enslaved me by your firm devotion. Do not feel sorry, do not

fear, do not doubt. Not only shall I show you the children of the Brahmin, but I shall also show you *Vaikuntaloka*. You have omitted to look there for the child. There can be no man happier or purer than yourself."

CHAPTER IV.

Then Sri Krishna with Arjuna entered the chariot, and began to ascend towards the West. The aeroplanes of today are only the outcome of the old *Vimanams* of India which could carry, we are told, even the fourteen worlds in them, and travel through space with lightning speed. The chariot of Sri Krishna went to a very great height. The earth seemed to them like a small ball and the mountains like spots on it. It passed the moon and the sun, and went beyond the stars to the space where the rays of the sun did not reach. Thus they reached a region of intense darkness. Arjuna caught hold of the hands of Sri Krishna and cried, "what a darkness is this! Oh Lord, Save me! save me!"

His friend held him close, and the blessed contact calmed him and made him happy. To dispel the darkness, Sri Krishna took out his *Sudarsana* wheel and held it out. It gave the light of a thousand suns in the sky. But Arjuna could not bear it he cried:

"The rays from all sides pierce my eyes and I do not find an escape from them, whether I shut my eyes or open them."

Sri Krishna, however, soon changed the light of a thousand suns into the light of a thousand moons. Like an auspicious lamp carried before them during their journey to Vaikunta, the wheel went before Sri Krishna's chariot. The rays emanating from the moon-like orb fell into the ocean of milk as if to embrace its waves. Arjuna saw from a far a pile of mountain-like coils, arranged like a bed in a calm part of the ocean. He was told that it was Adisesha, the great serpent, on whose body Maha Vishnu could lie comfortably. The hood of the king of serpents acted as an unbrella to the Lord. From its thousand heads shone gems, reflecting brilliant lights from the ocean. Arjuna, filled with joy, jumped down from the chariot and began to bow to the ocean of milk and to the king of the serpents. Then he saw the beautiful body of Maha Vishnu, the Lord of Vaikunta, couched on the coils. On his head glittered his crown like a rising sun. His eyes shone with splendour. When he smiled, his beautiful teeth radiated the splendour of moonlight. His hair rippled on his mountain-like shoulders. On his right breast was his mole. His eight hands were seen spread out in the eight directions of the universe. His fingers blazed with rings. On his neck were golden chains set with emeralds and a garland of fragrant flowers, which looked

like a string of moons. On his breast was the gem "Kausthabha", which gave light to the lotus on his navel ond made it blossom. On the lotus rested the four-faced Brahma and the four Vedas.

Mahalakshmi, Vishnu's consort, and Bhudevi, the Goddess of the Earth, were also there, and their beauty added lustre to the splendour of Maha Vishnu All around him beautiful music was being produced by the great musicians, Narada, Thumburu and others. Paulastya, Pulaha and the other seven Rishis, chanted hymns and praises. Garuda, the mighty Eagle, stood with his wings folded at the feet of Vishnu Many persons, whose souls had been purified by truthfulness, by fasting on Ekadasi and other important days, and by munificent charity, were so full of happiness in the Divine presence that they danced and sang in their ecstasy. Everywhere, one could see innumerable devotees bearing the *Sankha Chakra* and *Gada*, the emblems of Maha Vishnu, thus announcing that the whole universe was but a gigantic emanation of the mighty God.

Arjuna and Sri Krishna bowed deeply before the God, who looked at them with welcoming eyes. He asked them if they were well and happy, and then told them that, as they were firm devotees of his, he had long been wishing to see them both. "In fact", he said, "I planned a device to get you here. I had the children of the Brahmin carried off, knowing that you both would follow them. I have succeded in my object. Seeing you both is like looking at my own image." When he spoke these gracious words, Arjuna shed tears of joy ; but Sri Krishna, who was only another form of Maha Vishnu, kept silent.

Some beautiful children were sitting on the lap of the God, and playing happily with him and the Goddesses. They called the former 'Father' and the latter 'Mothers'. Arjuna guessed that they were the Brahmin's children, but knew that it would be hard to separate them from their foster-parents. Maha Vishnu indeed asked them to return to their own parents ; but the elder boys, one and all, refused. The youngest of them all, being but an infant, lay in the lotus-hands of Mahalakshmi and stared at her lovely face.

Then the God sent some of the power of *Maya* (Illusion) from his own body into that of Sri Krishna ; and at once the minds of the children began to change. They began to crowd around the two human beings. Maha Vishnu took the last child and presented it to Sri Krishna, who gave it to Arjuna with a smile. The latter received it with tears of joy, which showed his friend how greatly thankful to him he was. Then they bowed to the great God and getting his blessings, ascended the chariot with the children.

On the way back, Ar'una, while expressing his deep gratitude to Sri Krishna, asked him why he had tried him so severely. Then

his friend said to him, "Just think of the benefits you have derived from your trials. You have actually been shown the Heaven of Vishnu, which few humans can get at. Further, the blessing of our great God has purged us from the sin of the necessary murders of wicked persons. There is also another reason for my putting you to so much trouble. You were puffed up with pride that you were the only expert archer in this universe. It was my duty to see that you were purged of that self-conceit. You did not consider me when you uttered your stupendous promise to the Brahmin at Dwaraka. But, pride goes before a fall. Till you found your fort of arrows of no avail, you were full of vanity. It was only when you were to jump into the fire that you really cried to me for help. Then, because of the fulness of your repentance, I gave you my pardon. You began clearly to see the way to supreme knowledge. Was not your gain then worth all the trouble you have suffered?

Arjuna bowed his head in shamed submission By that time the chariot had reached Dwaraka. They dismounted, and Sri Krishna bade Arjuna fetch the Brahmin to him. But Arjuna hesitated, for he had been deeply vexed by the insults, which had been hurled at him by the bereaved father. But, gently persuaded by his friend, he went at last reluctantly to the Brahmin's house, like a sheep led to sacrifice.

CHAPTER V.

In the meantime, the sorrowful parents were still bemoaning their fate. The mother cried, "It is all the irony of Fate that people who have no children should be blessed with wealth; while those who are rich should have no children at all What is the use of having our granary filled with paddy, our treasure-chest choked with money, and my neck loaded with jewels? Why should I, who have not the good fortune to hold a child on my lap, live at all? The last birth was the worst of all, for not even the body of my infant could be found."

"How I was cheated by Arjuna!" cried the Brahmin. "But, who indeed would not have believed in him? Now, the poor man has to jump into the fire and die."

"Alas, it is a pity that that brave Kshatriya should be doomed to death. Will he get back our children, if he dies? It was our misfortune that he was not able to succeed in this affair, and certainly not want of valour on his part. Oh husband, go and tell Arjuna to live. You have really scolded him very bitterly."

"What shall I do? If he kills himself for our sake, the sin will recoil on our heads. But still, there is hope. He may yet bring back our child alive, for he has gone again in search of it"

As they thought thus, suddenly some good omens began to happen around them.

"Oh," cried the Brahmin, "Perhaps Arjuna is coming with our child. Perhaps our misfortunes will now disappear Perhaps the fortune-teller's predictions about you are coming true. By the way, I have not told you that story, my dear. In my last birth, I was a very rich man; but there was no miser in the world worse than myself. I was quite averse to any charitable deed. In my last birth also you were my wife, but you did not approve of my conduct One day, an old Brahmin came to our house. I pleaded many excuses to him and sent him away empty. But you called him back and gave him a golden dish full of 'Payasam' (milk-food). Then, the Brahmin cursed me and blessed you. We have already realised the curse; Perhaps, we are about to reap the fruit of the blessing now."

Thus they waited. Then came Arjuna to them. When the Brahmin saw that he was empty-handed, he began to curse him and Sri Krishna again But Arjuna stopped him and bade him not accuse the Lord of the fourteen worlds. Then, the Brahmin asked for pardon, and went with his wife to see Sri Krishna.

They saw him with one child in his arms and nine children on both sides of him. They bowed before him many a time in ecstatic gratitude. Then Krishna gave the tenth child to Arjuna, and Arjuna presented it to the Brahmin. The latter in all eagerness received it, fondled it and then gave it to his over-joyed wife. Then all the other children were given to the proud father, who wished that he had twenty arms like Ravana to pick up the ten children at once. Then, he walked round and round Sri Krishna and Arjuna, singing, dancing and praising them. He told Arjuna that he was the best archer in the whole universe and blessed him that all his attempts should be successful. Finally, he prayed to Sri Krishna to free him in his next birth from the difficulties of family life, and receive him for ever as a humble devotee into his Heaven.

Sri Krishna and Arjuna returned to their homes. The Brahmin and his wife lived many years after that happily with their children.

Thus, we see that Arjuna got undying fame, first by his firm determination to keep his promise; second by his devotion to the Lord. If he had been allowed to jump into the fire, when he did not succeed in his vow, or if he had not invoked the aid of Lord Krishna, certainly there would have been a deep blot on his name and fame Devotion indeed is the most important thing in the world. How true is the following maxim:

"Whatever good we find to do, we must do with the utmost devotion to duty. We shall be all right, if we do not get ourselves

entangled in the charms of the world. Though we are not in a position to know the meaning of creation, we can only trust in God and pray that He may take us into His fold. What is the use of good qualities, without devotion to God? What is the use of decorating a dead body?"

KAMALA.

OUR POETRY PAGE.

1. WHO IS THE TRUE CONQUEROR?

I've heard of wars and war's alarms,
The battle cry, and trumpet peal,
The thundering cannon's fiery storms
The bursting shell and clanging steel,
And armaments on sea and land,
And in the regions over-head,
Destructive fumes; On every hand
Heaps of dying and the dead.

The laurel on the conqueror's brow
Is cursed with blood of millions slain,
With widow's tears, and orphan's woe,
And grief of nations prostrate lain.
Man, deadlier instruments of war
In civilization's name, invents
More frightfully to blast or mar,
That civilization's monuments.

But who is he, whose mighty deeds
Nor Hannibal, nor Caesar know?
Nor Philip's conquering son, who bleeds
And lays a mighty Empire low?
'Tis he, who single-handed fought
Vast armies and unnumbered foes,
More treacherous, terrible than ought
That any martial record shows.

The countless hosts are powers within,
Dark passions, grappling in grim strife,
Relentless, with the soul unseen,
Each hour a fight for death or life.
'Tis he who battles till the end,
Whose will and courage never fail,
Who shall his strength to others lend,
He's the thrice-conquering Victor, hail.

H. KAVERI BAI.

(2) POETIC APHORISMS.

Busy bees that bumble by,
Make sweet honey, but soon die ;
As they flit from flower to flower,
They beguile the pleasant hour;
So it is with puny men,
They are born to die again.

When the nightingale doth sing,
Heav'n looks on his sojourning ;
When the loved one turneth false,
Hell seems dancing a death walse ;
Foolish is most earthly love—
Better seek the heavenly Dove.

Who betrays his Master's trust,
He, like metal, soon shall rust ;
In Mankind is little hope—
So the fool turns to dread dope ;
He that's to the gods allied,
Bites his lip—and smiles in pride !

Death shall bring a curse to him
Who hates the starry Cherubim ;
For the spirit cannot soar,
If Belial be less or more ;
But a soul is soon set free,
By seraphic company.

All the lovely flowers say,
"Pluck us not, but pass away,
If, for love, you take our life,
You are cruel—shut the knife ;
Nearly all the wrongs of Earth,
Find in selfishness a birth."

Where the panther seeks its prey,
There is danger—keep away !
Naught can change the leopard's spots;
Where much damp is, timber rots ;
And the hungry ocean eats
The solid earth whereon it beats.

The lion caged in a zoo,
Shudders Nature through and through ;
Blasts that are to space confined,

Raise the roof—let free the wind ;
And hot tempers locked in men,
Kill the holy citizen !

Shining serpents may look fair—
Poison still is lodged there ;
Sugar-coated tongues may talk,
Where the sprite and devil walk ;
That which seemeth white, may be
Black as Hell's deep infamy !

Naughty children need the rod,
Lest they mock the smile of God ;
Satan early seeks the Throne
That should be for Heaven alone ;
"Spare the rod and spoil the child,"
Solomon this wise saw styled.

Innocence, that blessed thing,
Quickly takes to wafted wing ;
Keep the temple of the Soul,
Beautiful, sincere and whole ;
So, in age, thou mayest look,
On thy life as a good book.

HERBERT PORTER.

(3) WHY, OH WHY?

At the sight of the moon in the deep blue sky, the waterlily shoots up from beneath the water and dances in glee, as if to rise up to the adored feet of her Lord, the moon. But the lily fails to reach that height and droops and drops in her bed below.

At the sight of the thick dark clouds high above in the skies, the waters of the ocean turn out into boisterous waves rising up as though to join the clouds above. But the waves do fail to rise to the clouds and fall again as flat as before.

At the sight of her mate joyfully chirping in the woods, singing sweet songs of freedom and love , the encaged bird doth fluttee her wings and peck at the iron bars, trying to join her mate in thr woods. But she only fails and faints in her own cage.

But why doth the lily fail to reach the moon, the waves the clouds, and the encaged bird its fine and happy mate in the woods? Why, oh why ?

"BHARATHI".

The Late Dr. Anna Kugler

(4) MEMORIES.

Oh stay! Hold not my pen, let it compose,—
Lest what escapes from mem'rys loose-bound leaves
By gentle breezes here and there be blown
To where in caverns they'll fore'er repose!

Though worthless be my pen, yet the task will please
To save those precious leaves from such a fate:
Oh peerless leaves, howe'er obscure and plain,
Howe'er be your faults—still peerless leaves.

You don't tell of Amazonian main,
Nor height of fame, nor yet of rank or birth.
Nor fearless ocean rides, nor ventures rare,
That thrill the air and warm the coursing vein.

But just a calm! On shadowy velvet sod,
The wearied passer-by in peace doth lie,
And turns his upturned eyes and upturned thoughts,
And sees on canvas blue his childhood's God.

E. J. MITTER.

THE LATE DR. ANNA S. KUGLER.

DR. Anna S. Kugler of Guntur died on July 26th, and was buried the next day. She was seventy-four years of age and had been a missionary in the Guntur Mission for forty-seven years, having arrived in India in 1883. At that time she was one of the pioneer medical missionaries among women. At first she engaged in both educational and medical work until she could get the latter started on a permanent basis. This was no easy task in view of the general prejudice in the minds of the Telugu women against Western medical practice and attendance at hospitals. However, gradually all obstacles were removed and from that time the medical work began to flourish. As soon as possible the beginnings of a hospital in Guntur were made, and this has grown into one of the largest and best-known mission medical places in South India. Dr. Kugler was always broad in her outlook and sympathies and progressive in her methods. It was marvellous how, in spite of her heavy duties, she could keep up with current events and take such a deep interest in the other departments of mission work.

Nothing was too great for her to comprehend and nothing was too small for her to overlook. The work of other missionaries was as important in her eyes as was her own. Her long residence in Guntur gave her a wide acquaintance locally and throughout the Telugu country, for patients came to her for treatment sometimes from great distances. Her name is honored and loved in thousands of homes and her memory will long remain precious to many hundreds of women and their daughters, who have been benefited by her ministrations. Her own fellow-missionaries held her in the highest respect She was also a great power in the Church in America where she was the best known of all the missionaries. During her furloughs there, she was an indefatigable worker and speaker and influenced not only many individuals to give their lives in service for the foreign mission cause, but also greatly increased the interest of the church members in that cause. The hospital in Guntur is today an ever-living monument and testimony to the devotion of thousands of women in America to Dr. Kugler and her work. She was also honored by Government by being awarded the Kaisar-i-Hind medal with bar.

The affection of the people, among whom she had spent her life of service, was espeially manifested during Dr. Kugler's last illness, as it had been manifested before, more than once, when she was lying, as it were, at death's door. Her vitality, her strength of will and power of recovery were remarkable. The same was true of the long and serious illness, which she underwent during her last furlough in America She came back to India with a broken body, but with an iron will and plunged again into her work. But it was too much for her. Her strength gradually failed and at last she succumbed to weakness and exhaustion. Everything that could be done for her was done by the local doctors and nurses, and even some of her friends from a distance came and ministered to her. But it was too late. It was the will of the Father that she should cease from her labours and enjoy His eternal peace and love. The scense during her last illness and on the day of the funeral—a Sunday—were affecting. Thousands of people, both Christian and non-Christian, attended the four separate services held, and paid their last respects. Her body was brought from the hospital to the church in a beautiful teak casket covered with flowers, and at the two services held in the church the throngs were permitted to pass rapidly in two files, one on each side of the casket, to see her face. Many of the leading Europeans, Hindus and Mohammedans of the town were in attendance. Some of her Hindu friends even helped to carry the coffin. At these services tributes were paid by several speakers to Dr. Kugler and her noble Christian character. She was interred in the Telugu cemetery, Guntur, along side the graves of two other missionaries. She, being dead, yet speaketh : for her works do follow her.

FRIENDLY CHATS.

ARE WE CLEAN ?

THE major portion of us, Indians, are under the impression that we are a very clean set of people and that Westerners are not half as clean. The Emperor Akbar at one time drew a line and asked his minister, the Raja Birbal, to make it shorter without in any way altering it The ready-witted Raja at once drew a longer line below it. Let me try the same course and present pictures of Western shops, homes and their habits of physical and public sanitation. They are better than us in some respects and I am presenting those aspects, so that we may profit by their experience.

Let us take a look into the American grocery store. It is usually spick and span. All the articles for sale are ranged on shelves and practically all of them are visible. Sugar and salt and such commodities that people buy in loose quantities are always packed in handy-sized cartons made of paper or cardboard. Foodstuffs are always cleaned and packed, so that one does not have to sit and sift and purify them before using. There is a set of Federal Laws called "Pure Food Laws", and any infringement of these laws is heavily punished. Bad stuff is rarely adulterated with the good just to get a few pice more. In summer, all the windows and doors are provided with fly-screens. The candy store which corresponds to our sweetmeat shop is usually spotlessly clean. A surgical operation theatre could not be kept cleaner. The places, where food is prepared for mass consumption such as Heinz's, Campbell's and so forth, are so scrupulously clean that in order to prevent contamination they show them to visitors through glass corridors. The restaurants make cleanliness a religion.

But, when we come back to India, we find that practically all the places from which we get our food materials are fly-infested. The amount of diseases these flies bring in their wake any medical man will tell you. Every article of consumption is handled by twenty or thirty different hands before it comes to the table. Cooked food at least is cleaned by fire. But raisins, dates, cashew nuts, radishes, sugar-cane are eaten raw just as they come from the bazaar. We swallow these wholesale, without ever questioning as to whether they are clean or not. So far as I know, there are not very strict laws about purity of food here in India. If there are such laws, the operation of them is very lax. Adulteration of all kinds is met with and we are never sure of the quality of the articles we buy. The Co-operative Stores seem to be the only stores that take any pride or interest in handling unadulterated stuff.

Instead of the cleanly-dressed energetic man that we meet in the Western grocery stores, we find a lazy bazaar man who is all

the time squatting. Our bazaar man acts as if he is doing us a favour when he sells us something. He usually has one or two very unkempt urchins, who run his errands and bring things from some inner recess in the store. There is usually a pail of water near the bazaar man's seat and it is used for washing betle leaves and everything and anything that he wishes to wash The customers have to stand in the street to buy their supplies and all the dirt from inside is swept and thrown in front of the shop itself. Our restaurants, even the cleanest of them, are extremely filthy compared to Lyons or the A.B.C. in London, or Child's or Thompson's in America.

The problems of house-cleaning and house-keeping are much more complicated in the West than with us. They have a severe winter to contend with and the whole house has to be kept warm dry and clean Bed bugs are scrupulously kept out. The carpets and rugs are taken out once a week and thoroughly cleaned with an electric vacuum sweeper. The floor is usually polished till one can see his face in it. A thorough house-cleaning takes place once a season, when the curtains are changed, furniture gone over with varnish or polish, and the house is cleaned from attic to cellar. All the old things are thrown out at this time and new ones are replaced. Well-covered receptacles are provided in various parts of the house for waste paper and dirty linen. There is also a large garbage bucket kept somewhere outside the house to store all the refuse from the table and the kitchen. This tin is cleaned by municipal arrangement at least once a day. There is a feeling of individuality about the homes through the type of furniture, books and pictures which adorn them. The kitchen floor is usually scrubbed with soap, hot water, brush and elbow grease, (elbow grease means hard labour)

Our houses are built more according to the dictates of ancient shastras rather than those of hygiene and sanitation. We use very little of bed linen and what little we use is far from being clean. I have seen pillows in some of our houses that are caked with dirt. Bed bugs are rife. The white walls of the house bear red and brown marks of the places, where these uninvited guests have been squashed. In the more orthodox houses, where they still use niche lamps and castor oil lamps of the open type, the wall bears finger prints, where people have wiped their hands after trimming the light. A Western friend of mine once said that it was very revolting for him to sit on the cow-dunged floor. It made him feel as if he were sitting on a manure heap. I have not come across a single medical man yet, who has praised the use of cow-dung as a sanitary and clean habit. On the other hand, it brings into the house more germs than there would be otherwise. At a time when there were no bricks and the floor was made of stamped earth, the cow-dung may have kept the floor from fraying and crumbling.

Our domestic animals are kept practically inside our houses. We keep around the house a lot of old furniture and even the good ones are never varnished. In quite a good many of our houses, the remnants of food attract a lot of flies. Banana skins are thrown indiscriminately all over the place An Indian wedding can always be located by the number of dirty plantain leaves that have been thrown in the street after people have eaten on them.

The people I have come in contact with in America every day bathe themselves clean. Practically all the men I have moved with shave every day. In spite of the amount of hard labour they do, they keep their finger nails very clean. Even the mills and factories provide bath rooms and wash bowls, so that their employees get cleaned up before they leave their place of work Head lice and body lice are unknown factors except in slums and the very poorest quarters. The Americans, I think, are far ahead of the Continental in this respect. The average European immigrant in America undergoes a rigorus course in habits of sanitation and hygiene before he gets his citizenship. It is only in the second generation that he fully conforms to the American standards.

Hygiene of the body is only a theoretical religion with us Our servants have never been drilled into clean habits. We very rarely insist on their wearing clean clothes. In spite of heavy municipal protestations, people *will* use the same stream for cleaning, bathing and drinking, where buffaloes are bathed and sewers emptied. We think it is clean enough, if we take a dip in the water after rinsing our clothes and pots and pans. Thousands and millions there are who have never known the use of soap and bath brush. *Seeakai* and soapnuts at best are poor substitutes for soap. On the average, our clothes are not very clean, though they are often rinsed in water. Religion unfortunately has prescribed certain days for not shaving. Stubbly growths on the chin, while not exactly dirty, indicate that the person is extremely slovenly. Our barbers are unsanitary. No wonder our elders made a rule that every time you get ministered to by a barber you have to bathe. They are unclean, because we allow them to be so. The barbers that attend on Europeans in India have been trained by them into cleaner habits. Our midwives, I hear, are much worse.

Our public conscience is nil. Our streets are infested with Pariah dogs, which are underfed, mangy and sickly-looking. I wonder if it is more charitable to have them drag a miserable existence, or to put an end to their misery at one stroke? Our people are not trained to spit in particular places. In spite of all our protestations of cleanliness and ideas of charity, we do not segragate our lepers. The places, where one has to board a bus (particularly in big cities like Madras), is just where the lepers edge on one and force one to give a few pice just to get rid of them. I

wonder if our corporations and municipalities can do something to get rid of this nuisance, nay, more, this menace to public health ?

Most of our temples insist that we should remove our shoes on entering the temple. Rightly so. But what about the dirt and filth that one accumulates on his feet before he comes out, particularly in those temples, where there are a number of bazaars on the inside? When our temples are kept as clean as the Jain temple in Calcutta, it will be a pleasure to walk through them barefooted. Is God to be approached only through filth and dirt?

K. APPASWAMY.

Note.—Some of the charges brought here are unfortunately true. But, we are not as dirty as this article thinks us. Some of the accusations made can be countered; and it must not be forgotten that the houses described generally belong to the poorest classes, as in the slums of the West.—Editor, *I. L. M.*

RANDOM PORTRAITS OF INDIAN WOMEN.

I

THE HAPPY MOTHER.

THE sun had set behind the purple hills in the distant West. It was the time when husbands, having returned from their work, tired and weary, looked forward to a little peaceful rest in the sacred precincts of their quiet homes, and when wives enjoyed a cosy chat with their husbands, and could relate all the little daily adventures that had happened in the household during the day. It was a time when the birds had retired to rest, and children, making the most of that last hour of companionship with their parents before being ordered to bed, prattled gaily, or sought for help in their studies, that they may be well-prepared for school the next day.

The city streets were darkening, and lights beginning to twinkle, when I decided to go and see my friend, Mrs. H. In three minutes, my car had taken me to her house, and I marched into the sitting room, and called out to the family; but the room was empty and I was just wondering if every one was out, when I realised that the whole family had gathered in the study, and were extremely busy over nothing in particular. I stood at the door and gazed at them. The father, looking fatigued, but extraordinarily happy, was comfortably stretched out on an easy chair, reading the paper. The mother, with a pair of large spectacles poised upon her nose, was seated in a most important fashion at a desk, and by her side was one of her children, leaning upon her. Both of them were busy

reading out of a book On the floor, just beside the desk, were three other children, all working hard at their homework.

"Hullo," I said, "What are you all up to?"

"I was helping the children with their studies," replied Mrs.H., and then the picture broke up.

Such portraits of the happy Indian mother are not uncommon in India, in spite of the idea that some Western women have of us, that we do nothing, but cook or twiddle our thumbs.

PUNKAJAM.

IN MAN'S REALM.

(1) SPEAKING TO THE INVISIBLE.

"BAA, could you ring up Museum 1065 and find out whether Miss K. is coming to tea today?"

I gasped, never having used a phone before. I gasped loudly and sharply, while the cheerful giver of the message vanished. I gasped again In fact, an onlooker would say that I was the victim of a terrible tragedy, which in fact I was. Finding no instrument handy by which one could attain a change of plan without pain, I tottered over to the phone, pulled a chair across and crumpled up weakly——

Pulling myself together, I bent over the aperture in a confidential way, and told the person, or persons, unknown at the other end to find Museum 1065 and ask her whether she was coming to tea on Tuesday? Having given my message, I removed my speaking organ from the apperture and applied my ear to it. I waited ten minutes without further action, except cramps. Then I began to buck up. Maybe the phone was dead. The evil hour had been post-poned. I began to be myself again. An inscription tucked away in the corner of the apparatus seemed worth reading. I read it. "Before speaking, remove receiver from hook Wait for exchange to answer and give your number." I crumpled up completely once more——

Waking up my manliness, I attacked the phone, grabbed the receiver, wrenched it off the hook, summoned a smile (best to bring a smiling visage to help in confronting these exchange chappies) and waited. The receiver now began to complain, so in order to soothe it I jammed it on to my ear, creating a vacuum with the force thereof. "Clonk, clonk, clonkity, clonk," said he, "I mean it." "Beg your pardon," I spluttered. More clonks. This was too much. I enquired whether I had struck a motor horn expert in my journey to Museum 1065. Came a disdainful

sniff from the other end. Then, "What—NUMBER—DO—YOU—WANT?" I was pained. "Museum one nought six five." I bellowed. Gasp, and then, "Museum, wun, oh, six fife?" I humoured her and replied in the affirmative; waited; faint noise and two thuds. Examined ear and waited. A faint buzzing and two more thuds. Examined ear again and waited. Silence—"Hullo. What do you want?" I choked. Why tell my message to an exchange girl was beyond me, so I spoke to her about the evils of inquisitiveness, not forgetting to mention how it caused the death of a cat. Explosions of gasps and then in a tired voice, "I am Museum 1065 Now, what about it?" Good Heavens! I had lost touch with the exchange long ago and had been in contact with the right party ever since—well—I had begun to WAIT. I hastened to make amends. I succeeded in yelling out the message, my name. and to whom, at a moderate 25 miles per hour. Waited. "I wish you would speak softly." I whispered and accelerated 30 M.P.H. "Do try and speak slowly." I throttled down completely and whispered along at one foot per hour. "Tell me your name." After hearing it four times she had not got it. Hard of hearing? Eventually I had to spell it out. "What do you want to tell me?" I was getting used to this, repeated message, namely whether she would come to tea on Tuesday? She seemed surpised and said she would be delighted to come, if she knew where to meet me. I was hit, I was. Found afterwards that she was the maid. I explained to her that I wanted Miss K—She shewed very little intelligence that morning. Then came the dawn. "Oh, you want to speak to Miss K—?" I replaced receiver weakly on hook, went out and sent a telegram. In half-an-hour a reply came. Oh the blessings of a G.P.O. And yet they say the telephone is a time-saver.

"Baa, could you ring——Oh, what's the matter? I could positively say he was awake just now. Well——"

My sister then took up the receiver. and there started a conversation which lasted half an hour. She laughed, giggled, gasped sniffed, sighed, etc. all into the mouth-piece, and seemed to receive responses by the ear thing-me-bob.

Well I am blowed!
This is a true story.

"BAA".

(2) LADY RHONDDA DISCUSSES MEN WRITERS ABOUT WOMEN.

(SELECTED)

Lady Rhondda is writing a series of articles in "Time and

Tide" on the views and attitude of men writers to women. She says in the first article :—

"Mr. Shaw, Mr. Wells and Mr. Bennett want watching in all directions when they come to dealing with that half of the human race to which they themselves do not belong. It is dangerous enough that these people should have the power to suggest to us what we should be and how we should behave, when they are prescribing also for themselves ; but that they should be—as they undoubtedly are—in a position to dictate to us the type of person we should be, when they are prescribing for a group to which they never have belonged, and to which they never can belong, is not merely terrifying, it is really ludicrous.

"And if it is suggested that it is no great matter whether men or women set up the female images we worship, since, in fact, there is very little difference between men and women, I would reply that that is indeed true, but that unfortunately men are seldom, if ever, aware of it, and that, therefore, our male guides are apt to paint portraits of us quite different from those they make of themselves—and to keep women twisting themselves into the most impossible contortions attempting to conform to these masculine-made images.

"It is a dreadful thought that Mr. Wells and Mr. Bennett may be manufacturing us whilst we wait. It is not even an entirely agreeable thought that Mr. Shaw may be doing so. And, indeed, there can be little doubt that in actual fact Mr. Shaw is the one who really needs watching. Few intelligent people take Wells seriously on women. His idea of their place and function in the world is so very clear. His women, even the most charming of them, attractive as these often are, shriek to the eye that they have been bred from prejudice out of fear.

"As for Arnold Bennett's women—at least his later ones—they are most of them too cheap to be worth troubling about. But the Shavian women are possible and even attractive. Real women might very well start making themselves over in the shape of Shaw's women. The world might very well accept, in fact it has to some extent accepted, Shaw's theories about women and about the relations of men and women. That is why Shaw's generalisations on these matters want watching."

(3) ARE WE AVERAGE MEN?

(SELECTED).

Moving as I do in all sorts of worlds, and making acquaintance among all classes and conditions I have met people of such extravagant colour of character that if I presented any of them in a novel the critics would tell me to concentrate on life, not on

pantomime, and to take my characters from the everyday world, not the lunatic asylum

But, alas! these limited creatures, whose view of life is cl uded by the covers of a book, do not know that the everyday world is far too purple for the pale pages of fiction.

We are all eccentric and perhaps the most eccentric are those who appear most conventional.

I know a serious and intelligent doctor with a large practice in one of the more expensive suburbs. Nobody could be more grave and conventional in appearance than this doctor. Yet, whenever his wife's relations visit the house, he goes to the drawing-room, stands before the fireplace, takes from his pocket a foolscap document, which he bought specially for these occasions, and reads it aloud to them

It is a copy of the Riot Act, which, as you probably know, calls upon unlawful assemblies to disperse under pain of physical force. You couldn't put that into a serious novel.

That, too, would be impossible in a novel, for in a novel characters must be consistently grave or consistently farcical, which human creatures never are.

I have met many well-known people who are popularly said to be eccentric, but their eccentricities have never surprised me. They are conventional eccentricities, and one suspects that they are deliberately assumed. But the eccentricities of the ordinary man are not assumed; they are native to him, and because he is accepted as ordinary, his eccentricities are all the more surprising.

Gerard de Nerval, walking through the streets of Paris, leading a lobster on a string, does not surprise, because the business is deliberately and publicly done with the intention of surprising. And the minor artists of Chelsea and the minor poets of Bloomsbury equally fail to astonish me with their little oddities

I was surprised when I heard the story of a staid, conventional man, well known on the Stock Exchange. He was found one evening by a friend, who had called in for a chat, sitting in a chair with one arm handcuffed to the chair.

Calmly as though talking of the weather, he explained that his wife had objected to his going out after dinner, because it meant that he did not return till after midnight. She had, therefore, adopted this means of keeping him at home; and this head of a business employing seventy clerks, and known as a powerful and ruthless man in his world, had tamely submitted to this ridiculous captivity.

If you saw that man in the train, or in the street, you would say: "There goes the average man." On his appearance and his general behaviour you would be right: but then comes this little

fact which cuts him out of that category—a category in which nobody fits.

No man will admit that he himself is an average man: that distinction he gives to the man next door But, if he knew the full truth about the life of the man next door, he would have to admit that that man, too, was out of the running. As we all are.

We are average men only in moments, and for purposes of general citizenship. When we are really ourselves we are fantastically eccentric.

When we say that another person is eccentric we are only saying that he is doing something that appears to us to be silly. But everything that I do or that you do appears to be silly to some people.

We all like to think that we are normal, but one of us is, and if ever we did find a really normal man we should all agree that he was a lunatic who ought to be put under control.

We all diverge, not only from the common norm, but from the norm of our own character and we pass more of our lives in the divergence than in the centre.

OUR CHILDREN'S PAGES.

(1) THE ADVENTURES OF A PIN.

I was manufactured in Germany, and exported to India on board a merchantship, along with hundreds of others of my kind, all neatly packed in paper packets and put up in cardboard boxes. I found my way with my brethren into a small miscellaneous shop in Sir Stuart Hegg Market, where I was neatly arranged on one of the top shelves of the shop. Here I remained for a long time, and was only dislodged when the shop required a spring-cleaning.

The only time when life meant a little excitement to us, was when a customer entered the shop and asked for wares. We pricked up our ears and were all anxiety to hear whether we were required to be brought out and displayed upon the counter. Then we had the opportunity to see the light and feel the breath of the air; otherwise, it might so happen that such an opportunity not coming, we would not see light or feel the air for a long long time

One day, sometime before Christmas, a light step entered the shop. We listened attentively The toilet requisites were certain that the lady had called to purchase something in their line.

"Can you show me some pins?" The lady enquired in a mild treble voice. The shop-keeper ran up a wooden ladder and reached for the box in which I was put up. The packets were displayed on the counter and the lady selected the very packet to which I

was pinned : but on closer inspection she found that some of us were losing the glitter of new articles.

"Show me another packet," she promptly asked, "This one is losing colour."

She selected another, bought it and left the shop.

The shop-keeper carefully put back some pins into their box, but left me in my packet outside.

I was wondering what he was going to do with us, when to my grief, I was put away amongst some rejected articles behind the counter.. Here I lay with all sorts and conditions from an odd button to remnant shoe laces, fit now only for tying up old newspapers or throttling the neck of a pigeon by a very bad boy. A rusty safety pin spoke in a wailing tone, "The world has no need of us now, since half a dozen cranked brains invented what they call press buttons, which are too novel to get old." A pair of hooks and eyes next said, "Yet you are of some use, but we are entirely neglected; oh those wretched press buttons!"

The next day another lady called at the shop She required twelve dozen packets of pins. I groaned. If only I was put back upon the shelf, perhaps I would also be sold.

The shop-keeper moved about briskly. Again he mounted the ladder and took down the box of pins and counted the packets on the counter. "Madam," I heard him say, "There is only one packet less!!

The lady turned to leave the shop She required twelve dozens complete at wholesale rate.

Sudenly the man declared, "I have another here," and running along, he came to the rejected articles and hurriedly seized me. The lady opened the packet and turned up her nose. "This," she said, "is not good stuff", pointing to me specially, "and this one is almost rusty with age!!"

But the shop-keeper was not to be thwarted. He pulled me out of the packet and replaced me by a better-looking pin, which he found in the folds of his coat-lining ; and handed it back to the lady, who went away satisfied with her purchase.

Alas, I was flung out of the shop, and lay dejected on the pavement. Hundreds of passers-by trampled over me and passed on, until I ached with bruised pain. The next morning I was picked up by the scavenger, thrown into a wheel-barrow and carried along with other rubbish. Feeling a sort of presentiment that I would be hurled into the sea, I pinned myself to a huge cabbage leaf in the rubbish, and the whole of the contentes was emptied into a dust-bin on a main thoroughfare. Well, at least I was safe, I thought, for the cabbage would float in the sea with me on its back.

Later, in the day, I saw a huge, fat sacred bull, such as is seen wandering about, approaching the dust bin. He dived his nose inside the dust-bin and drew out the cabbage leaf with his large rolling tongue, and he ate it up greedily; and I went right down his throat into his stomach.

What a queer place it was, and how dark and unhealthy it looked. But I contrived a plan to get out of this unearthly place, and instantly began to prick his inside, from which work I never rested. Very soon the bull showed signs of pain and sickness and lay down wearily upon the pavement, tossing himself from side to side in increasing agony.

A rich Marwari in a beautiful car stopped near the pavement, and looked at the bull with great pity, for I heard him ejaculate in pitiful terms Soon after an ambulance car came along and took away the almost dying bull to a veterinary hospital.

As soon as we arrived at the hospital, the bull was operated upon by a very great surgeon there, assisted by a number of students who crowded arround him, eager to help and anxious to learn At last I was dislodged! The great surgeon looked at me with curiosity and pride. He must have been thinking of the next Birthday Honours and what title he would receive for his ingenious surgery!

The students also looked at me with no end of amusement. I was washed with many disinfectants and placed among some rare discoveries of anatomy in a beautiful show-case with a hundred other different specimens.

Here I feel myself a king in a wonderful glass palace, and many subjects come from distant places to do me homage. And I hope to reign here until eternity with increasing fame.

The bull was duly healed, and roams about the streets of Calcutta in the same idle fashion, but I dare say he avoids all cabbage leaves

E. J. MITTER.

(2) THE TWO PRINCES.

A proud prince languished in a great palace. "How shall I pass my time?" asked he of an equerry. "I have killed my enemies—beheaded my servants—invaded my neighbour's territory—married the World's most lovely princess—hunted every animal worthy the chase, and now I am bored to blasphemy." The equerry looked puzzled, for he could think of no excitement which the prince had not experienced. Everybody hated that prince!

Another prince, in another country, spent all his days looking to the welfare of his people. He saw that justice was everywhere meted out—he destroyed tyranny he imprisoned the extortioner

and unjust man—he set free the captive who had done no evil—he fed the poor—he employed his last hour in a benevolent act "How can I find time to complete the great work to which I have been called?" he asked of his favourite secretary, as Death came upon the prince to take him to the glorious country of the 'Great Beyond'. Everyone loved that prince!

Moral: To say that all men are equal is arrant nonsense. Life is degreed everywhere. The standard makes the man. There are infinite degrees of difference even between princes.

HERBERT PORTER.

(3) THE VIOLET AND THE STONE

A violet by a mossy stone,
Half hidden from the eye;
Fair as a star, when only one
Is shining in the sky.

—Wordsworth.

A dainty violet which bloomed beside a moss-grown stone, began to chide the stone for being in front of it, and thus hiding its beauty from the world's gaze. "You are a dull, senseless thing to lie there and cover up all my loveliness like that," said the violet to the stone. But the stone took no notice, and, though its mass hid the violet, it went on fulfilling its function in the world, as its swirling electrons raced in marvellous order, according to universal law. It had remained there so long that fungus had covered it. One day, a great poet happened to walk that way, and catching a glimpse of the delightful flower, struggling to be noticed, he wrote a beautiful poem upon it. If the stone had not been there, the flower might have been too obvious, and the poet have passed it by and thus its glory would not have been immortalized.

Moral: Like beauty, character that is hidden in the background, is the more beautiful when discovered.

HERBERT PORTER.

(4) OUR LETTER TO OUR YOUNG PEOPLE.

Dear Children,

Have you ever wondered why birds are able to fly easily, whereas men, in spite of all their striving, find it so hard to soar into the blue heavens. True, aeroplanes are becoming more and more common every day, but how many brains have been taxed to their uttermost in order to perfect the mechanism of an aeroplane, and how many accidents take place even today in spite of all the

efforts which are being made to make flying safe for mankind. Birds have but to lift their wings, and away they go, across space.

Would you like to know about the form of a bird's body, and why it can fly so easily? The most common reason that people will mention is that birds fly because they have wings But there are other causes also If it was only wings that were needed in order to make us fly, we could quite easily make a pair of artificial wings, attach them to our shoulders and rise into the air. No, the form of the body of a bird is created in such a way that it is adapted for rapid motion through the air.

I came across an article in one of the old volumes of the *Indian Ladies' Magazine*, in which we are told why birds can fly. "Being more or less designed to rise upon air" it says, "all its parts are proportionately light, in order that it may spread itself over a surface large in comparision with its weight."

Beneath the skins of birds there are air passages that lead into the lungs, and when birds are flying quickly, these air passages act as supplementary lungs. It is also said that they lower the specific gravity of birds. The bones of swift-moving birds are also full of air, and there is air in their quills. In fact, "the bird has been well said to be little more than a drift of air, brought into form by plumes"

A bird's body is sharp in front, so that it can pierce through the air. Then, it g adually becomes thicker, and finally thins again towards the back, and ends in a feathery tail, which probably helps to keep it afloat while the bird is cutting through air.

The position of the feathers of a bird has a great deal to do in the life of a bird, for all the feathers lie in one direction, and give warmth, speed, and safety. The wings are placed in such a place, that they can easily balance the whole body. The quills of the wing feathers have their shafts embedded in the bones, which are in turn connected by means of tubes to the lungs, and when a bird flies, it fills its wings with air. It moves its wings by means of strong pectoral muscles, which give great strength to the wings, in spite of the extraordinary lightness of the feathers. Thus, a bird is enabled to fly, and "it rests upon the air, subdues it, surpasses it, and outraces it."

Wings, therefore, are not the only essential things which make birds fly. A pair of wings without air to fill them and the strength of muscles to move them, are quite useless. Also, the whole body of a bird is adapted for rapid motion, and it makes us ponder over the marvellous wonder of creation, and how great was the Creator's mind in thus thinking of the minute details of the forms of the animals and plants that live upon this earth.

Yours sincerely,
PADMINI.

COMMON AILMENTS OF CHILDREN

SMALL-POX.

CHAPTER 27.

THIS is an acute infectious disease characterised by a skin eruption. The contagion is most probably a micro-organism which exists in the crusts of the eruptions and which like dust is distributed everywhere in the room of a small-pox patient. It may be carried in the air so that infection may take place at some distance from the body. It can also be transmitted directly from person to person, or indirectly from the bedding and clothing worn by an infected person. Entering the room of a patient especially in the drying stage is sufficient to communicate the disease.

Causes: The causative factor is a germ whose nature has not yet been definitely made out. It attacks people, unprotected by vaccination. It is common at all ages, but particularly fatal to young children, who contract the disease much more easily than adults.

Symptoms: The period of incubation is from 9-15 days, the average being 12 days. The disease is usually ushered in with fever ranging from 103 to 105. Beginning with 102°, it rises rapidly and continuously, without even the morning remission, until the 3rd day when it is 105° The pulse is rapid and ranges between 130 and 160. The breathing is laboured and there may be severe vomiting The eruption occurs on the 4th day when the temperature in most cases drops to normal.

The eruptions appear in the form of reddish dots or specks, first on the forehead and the face; within 24 hours they make their appearance on other parts of the body, chiefly the limbs, the trunk showing only a few. On or about the fifth day, these small dots have attained the size of a small pea and their summits gradually assume a translucent appearance indicating the formation of fluid inside. About the 8th day, there is a decided yellowish tint due to the formation of pus accompanied by fever lasting for a day. About the 12th day, there is a spontaneous rupture of the eruptions. After the contents are thus evacuated, we see evidences of desiccation. The eruptions dry, forming brownish crusts which separate from the body between the 16th and 21st days. Desquamation takes place, lasting from 1 to 2 weeks. After this condition has disappeared, the patient may be regarded as cured.

Varieties. 1. In some patients the eruptions are thick and flow together. This variety is called confluent small-pox The eruptions may be at first isolated, but as they mature, they run together chiefly on the feet and the hands, causing swelling of the skin. The symptoms are more severe, the temperature is

higher and the pulse is quicker than in the ordinary variety. Diarrhoea is a common symptom. The danger to life is in proportion to the number of eruptions on the face. In fatal cases, death takes place on or about the 12th day.

2. There is another variety known as the black small-pox. In this variety, the rash appears as usual, but later gets filled up with blood giving rise to a black appearance. The earlier they become black, the greater is the danger.

In all the varieties, the eruptions may involve the eyes, nose, mouth, digestive system etc., and cause bleeding from these organs.

Complications. The eruptions involving the air passages may cause serious suffocation and perhaps death The lungs may get inflamed, giving rise to Broncho-Pneumonia of a dangerous type. Diarrhoea is a common complication, owing to the involvement of the bowels. The kidneys may get inflamed, giving rise to albuminuria and swelling of the body. The most constant and troublesome complications are these involving the skin. During convalescence, boils, ulcers, and local gangrene may occur, resulting in a prolonged treatment. The eyes are invariably inflamed and if not properly treated will end in total blindness.

Diagnosis : Chicken-pox is frequently mistaken for small-pox. Small-pox has become so rare after the introduction of Compulsory vaccination that most of us have not seen a single case of small-pox in our life-time. But chicken-pox is commom and when it does occur we must be able to exclude small-pox for purposes of prognosis and treatment. The following table will help,

CHIKEN-POX.	SMALL-POX.
1. Fever is slight, not dropping to normal after the rash appears.	1. Fever high 103—105, sudden and drops to normal after the rash appears
2. The eruptions come within 24 hours of illness.	2. Eruptions take 3 days to appear.
3. Eruptions involve only the superficial strata of skin, are transparent, thin-walled and contain fluid.	3. Eruptions are deep-seated, hard, shot-like and contain no fluid to begin with.
4. The eruptions can be easily ruptured.	4. Eruptions cannot be ruptured.
5. Eruptions more abundant on the trunk.	5. More on face and hands and legs.
6. Eruptions come in successsive crops so that we can see the eruption in various stages of development, e.g., some will be just fresh, others drying and still others healed up and so on.	6. The eruptions have a clear uniformity of development.

7. Eruptions do not present any depression in centre.	7. Eruptions, after the formation of fluid, always present a depression (called umbilication) in the centre.
8. Vaccinated children are not immune. They get chicken-pox like any other children.	8. Vaccinated children do not generally get small-pox, and they are immune.

Prognosis. In the unprotected, small-pox is very fatal about 30—50% dying Black small-pox is very dangerous. The confluent variety, if severe, generally kills. Debilitated children and very young children succumb very readily. If the eruptions are numerous on the face, the danger is greater. If the fever continues to be high even after the appearance of eruptions, it is a bad sign. As a rule the disease lasts for nearly 3 weeks, rarely over 4 weeks.

Treatment. The treatment should be chiefly hygienic. The diet should be liquid in nature. The local application of a solution containing 40 drops of carbolic acid[1] in 1 ounce of glycerine will relieve the itching, soften the crust and deodorise the patient. The bowels should be kept open, for which castor oil is the best laxative If the vomiting is severe stop all milk and give only iced champagne or iced water. If there is diarrhoea, Tincture of opium[2] in 1 drop doses is indicated, until diarrhoea is under control. The eyes should be opened every day, thoroughly irrigated with warm boric lotion and treated with some yellow ointment to prevent the lids sticking to each other. The mouth and throat should be cleaned and brushed with glycerine every day The nose also can be similarly treated If the heart fails and the pulse becomes weak, musk or brandy should be administered in suitable doses.

Prevention. There is no other preventive measure known than successful vaccination and re-vaccination. During an epidemic, all children should be protected in this way Children exposed to the risk of infection should be vaccinated within at least 3 days after such exposure. Those, who have been exposed, must not be allowed to mingle with other children.

D. KIRUBAIMANI

Foot Note 1. Instead of Carbolic Acid and glycerine. Carbolic Acid and any oil (gingelly or Cocoanut oil) in the same strength can be used The best way to do it is to mop the surface with the oil with cotton and to cover the body with cotton over which a shawl is placed. The oil should be renewed every 6 hours. If this method is adopted no water should be allowed to touch the body.

2 Tincture of opium should be administered to children with caution, i e, do not use it if the child is very weak or inclined to be unconscious. Instead of Tincture of opium, chlorodyne can be used, dose 2—5 drops repeated if necessary, with the same caution as for Tincture of opium.

OUR FASHION SUGGESTIONS.

THE tendency of women in the West, today, is to be as bold and original in their dress, as possible. Especially in their colour schemes are they inclined to try new effects, and bizarre combinations, and their influence is gradually creeping into India, and Indian women are striving to produce new effects and colour schemes.

The sari is a garment that responds marvellously to any artistic touches and colour effects which the wearer may try to produce, and I thought it would not be out of place, in these times when original designs are so much appreciated, to make a new suggestion to our women. My idea is that we should sometimes try to copy the magnificent colours of flowers in our clothes. I do not mean just individual colours, but the combination of colours that some flowers exhibit in all their glory This imitation of the beautiful products of nature, however, should be so carried out, that there is no trace of gaudiness or artificiality in the dress. Let me give you two examples of what I mean As I write this article, there are in the garden outside, two species of flowers, the colours of which would look really charming if reproduced in saris.

One kind is a flower with a rich golden yellow edge, and a beautiful dark red-brown centre, in the middle of which, again, there are delicate small yellow stamens. A sari of this deep red-brown colour with a fairly wide gold border, with a blouse of pale yellow spotted with tiny brown spots, would look very charming indeed.

The other kind is a purple and mauve flower, with a large yellow spot in the cup inside. A dark purple blouse, and a thin Benares mauve sari with small golden spots and a thin golden border, ought to produce a very pretty effect.

SISTER SUSIE.

SNAPS AT SOCIETY.

A BRIEF FOR SERVANTS.

WHY is it that very little has been written about our behaviour to servants? And yet there is nowhere else, I think, where a man's character becomes more apparent than in this field. We know that little straws show the way the wind blows. I have often seen a good society man snap at a servant or an underling for sometimes no fault at all, and the next minute turn and smile affably at one of his own equals. I have often seen others working off their weariness and vexation on poor under-paid servants. Yet, such conduct is thought so natural that it is scarcely at all ever noticed,

except by a very few; and they, I suppose, will be called not 'discerning", but "hyper-critical". But I am one of the latter, even though I myself have been guilty of the same acts. And so, let me criticise. Of course. I know that "gentlemanliness" towards the lower orders comes often with experience and maturity; but sometimes it does exist among the young, and then indeed it is most refreshing and pleasant to watch. Sometimes, it is the other way; it is the old, who are most snobbish.

I do hate the servant being called a menial; but, I think I am wrong in my dislike for, while I associate the word with the adjective "mean," it is really derived from a word, which means "household". Yet, the fact remains that "menial" is, more often than not, used as a term of depreciation. Why should a servant be treated sometimes like a beast, abused, found fault with, sometimes beaten and kicked, always kept down? Why should remarks of careless blame, or callous abuse be made at a servant, regardless of the fact that very often he hears them, understands them and is mortally hurt by them, even though he dare not shew the effect? Why again should a servant's comfort and welfare be thought very little of? I have so often seen people in authority luxuriating and treating themselves carefully, in journeys, at picnics, etc., and hardly thinking of those who serve under them and really do all the work for them. Anything is thought good enough for the latter; scraps are apportioned to them; the least comforts are given them and the greatest burdens; while they get the greatest blame, if anything goes wrong. Are servants then not human? Is it not mean to treat them badly, when they cannot and dare not retaliate for fear of losing their means of livelihood? Yet, it cannot but be admitted that such treatment comes often very naturally. Servants are really meant to be servants. They have been appointed for service. Sometimes, they are so stupid and ununderstanding that admonition, to be effective, has to be emphasised with rudeness. Sometimes, they are sullen and impertinent and cheeky; very often they are presumptuous and ready to take advantage. They are lazy and hate to do more than their share; very seldom do they look upon duty as pleasure. They have no gratitude often. Moreover. they are paid so little, which shows that their services are comparatively at least of a lower order. Indeed, they themselves are satisfied with so little; and very often it is their own subservience and submission, which undoes them. We know that many servants thrive under such treatment and do not expect much else; we know also that some of them, when treated too kindly, do not understand the familiarity, but get their heads turned by it. As opposed to the picture I have given at the beginning, I think of the picture of the man or woman, who is too familiar with servants, who caters to them and gives in to them at every opportunity, sometimes from

a fear of them, sometimes from a desire for being thought well-of by others. The result is more or less chaos.

Still, strictness can be combined with toleration ; justice with kindness; sternness with mercy. Servants can in some matters be treated as equals, even while in other ways they remain servants. Are not all of us servants in some degrees at least, in an autocracy of something like feudal service? "A fellow-feeling makes us wondrous kind", says the proverb. Let us therefore, imagine ourselves in the place of our servants. What a pleasure it is when we do strike the "happy mean", and get a servant, who is devoted to us and loves to serve us in every possible way, who delights to anticipate our lightest wish, who sacrifices ease and comfort for our welfare, and all for nothing but a smile and a word of appreciation !

What education have servants, when compared to their masters? What culture of civilisation and refinement of conduct have they been taught to appreciate? Nothing at all indeed, except through watching those over them in authority ; and very often the conduct of the latter is such that appreciation of them is lost in a sense of ridicule. I have often thought of the objects of laughter we must be to our servants; I have often imagined that they must be observing us with their tongues in their cheeks. And yet we are apt to think ourselves gods and goddesses.

I am very glad indeed that servants everywhere are inclined to be more independent in modern days. No doubt, there are many of us who deplore the privileges we now have to give them. But how good it will be if we can become democrats and socialists in the right sense, viz., in inner feeling and thought, not merely in outer observances and futile sacrifices How good if, with the ideals of service are combined, on the one hand, the ideal of self-respect, and on the other the ideal of human appreciation ; if, in fact service becomes a pleasure and being served an honour.

"SOUR-SWEET."

HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

I have gathered the following hints from the *Madras Mail* on cleaning certain things. Bottles and decanters are always hard to clean, and to remove the deposit that forms on the inner surface. The best way to wash out bottles and decanters is by dropping some small glass beads into them, and shaking them well with water The coating then comes off quite completely, and the beads can be shaken out. These small glass beads do not form scratches on the inner surface of the glass.

Silks, when washed, often look faded and old. A good way of avoiding this result is by washing them in potato water. A number of potatoes should be pared and soaked in cold water, after stirring, for about an hour. Then, the water should be poured into another vessel, and the silk washed and turned round and round in it. It should then be dried without rinsing, and pressed on the right side in order to give it a gloss This hint ought to be particularly useful for Indian ladies, as *saris*, when washed, often look worn and faded. Many Indian ladies have the habit of washing their saris at home, with the result that they do not look fresh after being dipped in water too many times. They could try the above-mentioned method to freshen their washable saris.

In order to prevent coloured materials from running, when washed, a pound of bran should be tied in a muslin bag, and a gallon of water poured on it. This water, after being left for an hour, with the bran in it, should be used to wash the coloured material. No soap must be used.

PADDY.

OUR COOKERY NOTES.

SOJJI

Take small quantities at a time of 1 measure of fine table rice, and fry till a pale brown. Heat 3 palams of ghee in a tin-coated vessel, which can contain 5 measures of water Fry in it $\frac{1}{4}$ palam of chilies, $\frac{1}{2}$ palam black gram, $\frac{1}{4}$ palam mustard seed, with $\frac{1}{8}$ palam of curry leaves. Pour two measures of water into the vessel; add $\frac{1}{8}$ rupee weight of turmeric (*manjal*) powder and boil in the vessel. Put the fried rice in and stir well, then cover with another vessel When the rice is nearly cooked, add $\frac{1}{2}$ palam salt. Then remove the vessel from the fire and place on burning charcoal. Heat 2 palams of ghee in a frying-pan. Fry in it $\frac{1}{8}$ palam of pepper, $\frac{1}{8}$ palam of cummin seed (*jeeragam*,) and a very small quantity of asafetida. Then remove the last ingredient, and add the rest to the mixture in the other vessel. Stir well, keep for five minutes, and then remove the vessel from the fire.

OUR NEEDLEWORK NOTES.

DARNING.

Here are a few methods of darning. *The Plain darn* isto be used in the repair of house linen, garments, carpets, curtains, cushion covers, etc.

There are two ways of preparing a hole for mending :—

(1) Draw together the broken threads as much as you can into the old position with a needle and fine cotton.

(2) Cut away the jagged edges neatly. Drape the part to be mended over the first 2 fingers of the left hand. Then work regular perpendicular stitches, in an ascending order, with the needle away from you, leaving a long loop to allow for shrinking. These stitches should extend on both sides of the hole. Then make a descending row, with the needle towards you, taking up threads left in the first row. Thus, work across the hole a series of long threads parallel to each other. After this, turn the work, and darn as before, starting and ending on both edges, as before. An old material will not bear heavy mending ; so sometimes, the closeness of the stitches has to be altered. The cross darn is good ; but sometimes there is another method.

The diagonal darn is to be used for slits in old linen etc. It is shaped irregularly, running in a corresponding direction with the tear, which will be on the bias. Therefore, there will be a square in the centre, enclosing the slit, in the middle of a double pyramid. Start at a distance of the length of the slit, above the slit, and end in the same manner below. In the next rows, decrease by one stitch on the upper side, and increase by one stitch on the lower. Let the crossing be done in the same manner.

The Mottled darn can be used for a material of two shades. Make the foundation row of threads of the same colour as the ground of material; cross this with threads of the same hue as the other shade.

Sometimes a *strengthening darn* is necessary for an old material. There should be a few rows of darning, worked a little far apart, with a fine needle and fine cotton.

In the *imperceptible darn* for costly material, the linen stitch has to be very carefully done with the ravellings of the stuff itself, leaving no loops, but cutting the thread with each row.

Lace patches are to be used for holes made by sparks in linen. They are generally done in the festoon stitch used in *giupure* work, in a circular pattern. Shape the circle carefully, then work far button-hole stitches on the edge. Work round and round into these into the hole, keeping the thread under the needle, decreasing when the centre is reached, when the thread should be secured on the wrong side.

HEALTH NOTES

TAKE A REST

After every illness you need a few weeks' convalescence. I wish I could persuade you of the truth of this maxim. First, you are

stretched on a bed of sickness, then you sit up, then you walk out in the garden, and when the neighbours see you able to walk they say there cannot be much wrong with you. Kind friends from the office suggest that they are fed up with doing your work; can't you come back at once, if not sooner? Well, I shall stand by you, and I shall not allow you to return to work prematurely. There is more chronic illness, owing its origin to a reduced resistance to disease than to any other cause. It is the right to go away for a change that I insist on. You cannot afford to stop at home Health comes first Look ahead five years; you will say one of two things: Either I date my breakdown from that illness I had five years ago—I went back to work too soon and I never felt strong; or I was sensible enough to take my doctors's advice and clear out into the country after my illness—I came back a new man, and I have not had a day's i lness since.

Madras Mail.

TO INDUCE SLEEP WITHOUT DRUGS

The use of drugs to promote sleep is a common and most pernicious practice. A long list of drugs, from opium down to veronal or aspirin, have been used, at first thought harmless, but sooner or later proved to be sources of damage. The truth is, there is no such thing as a harmless hypnotic drug. A drug sleep is by no means the equivalent of natural sleep. Sleep-producing drugs are rarely necessary. The habitual use of such drugs is most injurious. There are natural or physiologic means of inducing sleep which are often effective when drugs fail.

A warm or neutral bath taken just before retiring is a most effective means of inducing sleep. Care must be taken to avoid food that requires prolonged digestive work, such as sandwiches, crackers, pie or bread and butter. Even milk is often objectionable, because of the formation of large tough curds that remain long in the stomach. Ripe fruit or some warm liquid food that requires no digestion is best, such as hot lemonade, and hot water sweetened with lactose.

A full colon not infrequently is the cause of sleeplessness. For this condition eating an apple or two, or a couple of oranges or other fruits, half an hour before bed-time, is a good means of relief.

Sleeping in fresh air and without an excess of bed-clothing is another simple measure that greatly promotes sound sleep.

—Health.

NEW TREATMENT FOR CANCER.

It was revealed at the annual meeting of the British Empire Cancer Campaign at the House of Lords, that for the treatment of cancer, successful experiments have been made in the use of mustard gas, which was used with destructive effects in the War. The experiments have been carried out at Leeds University.

It is stated that the action of mustard gas was localised to the particular area treated and strictly limited in time, but none the less, the experiment was a remarkable one.

Speaking on the report at the annual meeting, Sir Charles Gordon Waston, Senior Surgeon of St. Bartholomew's Hospital, referred to the successful experiments with the new treatment on mice and rats.

The Duke of York referred to the hardship suffered by poor patients who had a long way to travel for radium treatment, owing to the fact that for its more effective use radium was now being concentrated at large centres. He recommended that steps be taken for securing the speedy and free transport of such patients in urgent cases.

Indian Review

SURGICAL ANTS.

The use of "surgical ants" with powerful jaws to stitch the wounds of men and women, and other strange medical practices developed by the Indians living in the interior of Peru, are described in a report of the Field Museum of Natural History expedition.

The natives, according to the explorers, show remarkable originality in the treatment of wounds and illnesses. Trees, shrubs and plants with medical properties are widely employed. In the case of a severe wound, a certain ant is made to bite the severed edges of the skin and sew them together.

Great skill is shown by the women in treating the wounds sustained by their husbands in battle. Long thorns are sometimes used as surgeons' needles.

Indian Review.

EAT MORE FISH!

Fish should be included more often in the diet. Salmon, turbot, and herrings contain most fat, which is a source of energy, while brill and herrings contain most protein, the essential body-building substance.

Compared with meat, fish is more digestible, though a little less economical and nutritious, weight for weight. The leaner

sorts—whiting, haddock, etc.—are more digestible than the fat varieties. Because of its shorter and finer fibre, white fish is more easily dissolved by the stomach than beef No protein food is more suitable for the dyspeptic or the convalescent than the whiting. Cod is particularly indigestible, having a coarse tough fibre.

Salted fish is also comparatively difficult of solution in the stomach, because its fibre is hardened in the process of salting. The smoking of fish does not seem to effect its dietetic value.

As a source of energy, salmon is the equal of moderately fat meat; 1½lb. of cod or other white fish, however, only balance 1lb. of lean beef. Since salmon contains nearly three times as much nutriment as its weight in cod, a pound of the former is actually no more expensive than a pound of the latter.

The housewife can get better value for her money by buying the cheaper varieties of fat fish. Nearly half an ounce of edible protein and from five to ten grammes of fat are provided by the ordinary herring.

Fish roe is nutritious, but it contains a good deal of nuclein and should be avoided by those subject to gout.

The flesh of the lobster and crab is somewhat indigestible; to render it more digestible eat it with vinegar. Oysters, having little nutritive value, are extravagant articles of food, since in this form a given quantity of protein costs about three times as much as it would if purchased as beef. Fourteen oysters are approximately the equivalent of one egg, and it would require two hundred and twenty-three oysters to supply as much nourishment as a pound of beef. Oysters should be avoided by diabetics.

Be careful that you purchase only the freshest fish. Decomposing fish, even if it has only just turned, is apt to give rise to digestive disturbances. Choose fish that is firm to the touch. The eyes should not be sunken or the gills discoloured.

Health.

SUMMER DRINKS.

The best hot weather drink is pure cool water. Nothing quenches thirst so thoroughly and satisfactorily Next come fruit drinks of various kinds. One of the most palatable summer drinks can be made of unfermented grape juice and water. Pure orange juice and water, with the addition of a little honey to sweeten, makes a splendid drink. Lemonade is a wholesome drink, too, if honey is used for sweetening, instead of sugar. In fact, the juice of any kind of fruit can be combined with water to make a delicious summer drink. The ordinary bottled mineral waters are

of little use as thirst quenchers and should be avoided because of their gaseous qualities and their content of refined sugar.

Health.

NEWS AND NOTES.

(SELECTED)

Mrs. HANSA MEHTA.

ON the arrest of Mrs. Perinben Captain, the late, President of the Congress Committee, Mrs. Hansa Mehta was chosen to act in her place. The fact that two women have successively held this most difficult position is a proof that, in every field, women are not only capable of taking a part, but also in leading the most vital and tremendous undertakings either within or without the pale of the law. Throughout the present struggle, women have more than proved by their actions that they are throughly capable of assuming all the responsibilities to which they have been putting forth their claim for the past years, in their efforts to obtain equality and freedom.

MORE SCHOOLS FOR GIRLS

The Government, it is understood, have sanctioned subsidies to local bodies for opening more elementary schools for girls and for the employment of additional teachers in 1930-31. It is stated that the total number of schools to be opened is 245, of which 21 are specially intended for Muslim girls. The schools intended for Muslim girls should be opened only in centres with a Muslim population of 1,000 and above, in which there are no schools for Muslim girls, and the other schools in centres with a general population of 2,000 and above, in which there are no girls' schools. Provision has been made for the opening of five schools in the Malabar district with two teachers in each. These schools should be opened, only if their strength from the beginning justifies the need for two teachers. The local bodies concerned have been requested to take steps for the opening of the schools, in consultation with the Inspectress of Girls' Schools concerned, preference being given to centres where there is a demand for girls' schools and where the villagers are willing to provide free accommodation. Requests from local bodies for utilising the subsidies on the opening of school in centres with a smaller population than that specified above will not be entertained.

THE INDIAN DELEGATION AT VIENNA.

The amount of work discussed at the Quinquennial Congress

of the International Union of Women held in Vienna in June is almost paralysing to contemplate, as one reads through its programme alone. Capable women of almost every country were present and took a part in the deliberations Lady Dorab Tata was the leader of a group who represented North, South, East and West of India. We regret that a cable sent from the Women's Indian Association requesting the Council to support the claim of India for self-government and the bringing of peace with freedom into India was not brought forward It could easily have been couched in terms of its bearing on International Pe ace. Vienna is a city of extreme culture and gaiety and it laid all its treasures of hospitality, science and art at the feet of its guests Such gatherings make for the realisation of the "indivisible unity of sisterhood," of which Srimati Sarojini Devi has so often spoken.

THE WOMEN'S CONFERENCE AT BEYROUT, SYRIA.

The women of Western Asia are awake and active The monthly women's magazine of Egypt gives an interesting account of the Conference of women, which took place in Beyrouth in May and which united the "pays Arabes" (Arabian countries), Egypt, Palestine, Syria and Lebanon. The Conference was opened by an official representative of the Government of Syria, the Minister of Public Instruction, and this was quite a new precedent in the history of Arabian women. Madame Lahiba Saheb was the President. Madame Ehsan Ahmed from the Egyptian Women's Union gave a spirited address in which she alluded to Gandhi's confidence in women's power of serving the nation, in the same way as Zaghloul had done in Egypt and Moustafa Kemal Pacha in Turkey.

News is not yet to hand of the larger Conference which was to take place at Damascus on the 2nd July All this shows how determined are these women to take their full share in shaping the destinies of their country. It is hoped that some of the leaders will come to Lahore for the All-Asian Women's Conference. The subjects discussed were compulsory education, development of indigenous industries, the opening of the schools of arts and crafts for women, the abolition of brothels, legal protection of women wage-earners, etc.

Stri Dharma.

A HEN PARTY.

Started originally to provide farmers wives with pin money, the Saskatchewan Poultry Pool now handles 75 per cent of the entire egg production of Saskatchewan, and enables the women who control it to buy motor-cars with the profits

The Pool is almost a hundred per cent feminine organisation and last year, the fourth of its existence, took 730,000 dollars (£146,000). There is only one man with a finger in the pie, and he is outnumbered, if not suppressed.

In the last twelve months the turn-over of the pool included 26, 40,184 eggs, valued at the equivalent of £108,000. Also included were 823,743 pounds of dressed poultry, valued at £36,800 and 39,561 pounds of live poultry, valued at £1,200.

The egg business increased over 56 per cent. during 1929 and and the dressed poultry 67 per cent over the previous year.

Mrs. Bertha Holmes, of Asquith, Saskatchewan, is president of the organisation, known officially as the Saskatchewan Cooperative Poultry Producers, Ltd , and five farmers' wives are on the board of directors. —*Madras Mail.*

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WOMEN BATHING IN RIVER

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